

# Life

EMBER, 1935

FIFTEEN CENTS



*Gilbert Bundy*

T H E S P I R I T O F O L D K E N T U C K Y

## NEW HOLIDAY CHEER *Revives Old Holiday Memories*

Here's a formula that revives and improves the old \*Tom & Jerry, gay with memories of happy holidays of long ago. The smooth elixir you should use is Glenmore—a very fine Kentucky Straight Whiskey—now 16 months old.

Glenmore modernizes the Tom & Jerry—intensifies its magic effect on tongue and nostril.

★ Beat the whites of a dozen eggs to a stiff froth; then add one level teaspoon of sugar for each egg. Beat yolks till smooth and stir into whites. Add just a pinch of baking soda. (Add more sugar, to taste, if desired, when serving).

Now, to serve—fill Tom & Jerry mug  $\frac{1}{2}$  full of batter. Then, *very slowly*, pour in one or more jiggers of Glenmore, stirring constantly to avoid curdling. Add a dash of Jamaica rum if desired. Fill mug (slowly) with boiling water, stirring as you pour. Top it off with grated nutmeg.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED • Largest Distillery in Kentucky • Louisville • Owensboro

Distillers of Kentucky Tavern, Glenmore, Two Naturals, Mint Springs—STRAIGHT WHISKIES  
Old Thompson, Tom Hardy—BLENDS OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

**Glenmore**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY

16 MONTHS OLD 100 PROOF (full strength)



## An All-American Guard of 1950 can't afford to neglect his Teeth and Gums

**IPANA WITH MASSAGE HELPS COMBAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"—KEEPS TEETH WHITE**

**N**O WONDER the habit of Ipana plus massage is so deeply rooted in so many families. Modern dentists advise it. Schools teach it. Common-sense mothers and fathers know its good effects.

There is a real need for Ipana plus massage. There is a simple, logical reason for its use. Our modern soft-food diet does not give teeth and gums the exercise they require. Hard, coarse, fibrous foods would do it. But they have disappeared from the modern menu. Gums grow lazy, tender, sensitive under this soft-food regime. They haven't enough work to do. And when "pink tooth brush" gives you warning, it is time to do something about it—at once.

Switch now to Ipana and massage—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Begin to fulfill the

double duty you owe your teeth and gums. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, with brush or finger tips, every time you clean your teeth. Do it thoroughly. Do it regularly. For Ipana plus massage starts new circulation through the gum walls—helps to hold, or to bring back, healthy firmness to the gums.

Healthy gums have little to fear from serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And with white, sound teeth—plus firm, sound gums—you and your family can meet the twice-yearly inspection of your dentist—and win his sincere approval. Begin today to give Ipana plus massage a 30-day family tryout.



• Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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STOP

CAUTION

GO

## THEATRE

George Jean Nathan

● **A Slight Case of Murder**, by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay. The slightness lies rather in the play, but there are some amusing moments having to do with the four bodies of murdered gangsters. 48th St. Theatre.

● **At Home Abroad**, by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. Beatrice Lillie heads a comical and tastefully staged song and dance show. Ethel Waters, Eleanor Powell and Paul Haakon help her in filling out a glittering revue evening. Winter Garden, B'way and 50th.

● **Blind Alley**, by James Warwick. M. Warwick is an Australian and his American gunman originally used such locutions as "youse guys", "kid-do" and "twenty-three, skidoo", but Worthington Minor changed all that and as it now stands it is an intelligent melodrama. Ritz, W. 48th.

● **Bright Star**, by Philip Barry. A muddled and artificially written treatise on the tragic estate of a loveless man. A competent dramatic theme handled in an amateurish manner. Empire, B'way and 40th.

● **Eden End**, by J. B. Priestley. Sudermann's Magda comes back to a household in the north of England and sits down for a couple of hours and reads a Priestley novel. Masque, W. 45th.

● **If This Be Treason**, by John Haynes Holmes and Reginald Lawrence. A 10-20-30 peace tract. At the conclusion of the first performance the message to Cain, the storehouse man, was "Peace be with you." Music Box, W. 45th.

● **Jubilee**, by Moss Hart and Cole Porter. The handsomest musical production since Ziegfeld, with Mary Boland, May Boley, Melville Cooper, June Knight, et al., further brightening a bright stage. It has its weaker moments, but they don't figure much in the total. Imperial, W. 45th.

● **Personal Appearance**, by Lawrence Riley. A loose movie moll unlooses some loose language in a sex farce that flourishes on its wisecracks. Gladys George steals the show from the playwright. Miller, W. 43rd.

● **Porgy and Bess**, by George Gershwin and Du Bose Heyward. An unsuccessful experiment in American folk opera that winds up as a successful Broadway play-with-music. The present label is pretentious. Alvin, W. 52nd.

● **Remember the Day**, by Philo Higley and Philip Dunning. Sentimental comedy about papa's schooldays, with Francesca Bruning as the pretty school-teacher and Frankie Thomas as the adoring youngster that papa, according to legend, one day was. National, W. 41st.

● **Squaring the Circle**, by Valentine Katayev. It has long enjoyed a great vogue in Moscow, but so have dried

## "STOP &amp; GO" SERVICE

THEATRE—MOVIES—SPORTS  
BOOKS—RECORDS—"GO" PLACES

+ +

fish, hard black bread, beds with no sheets on them, and living quarters minus bathrooms. Also Upton Sinclair. Lyceum, W. 45th.

● **Sweet Mystery of Life**, by R. Maibaum, M. Wallach and G. Haight. A farce of the old *It Pays to Advertise* school behind the falseface of an indefatigable revolving stage. The train left immediately for Hollywood. Shubert, W. 44th.

● **The Children's Hour**, by Lillian Hellman. The Pulitzer prize winner of last season although, naturally, it didn't get it from the Pulitzer prize play committee. A credit to American playwrighting. Elliott, W. 39th.

● **The Night of January 16**, by Ayn Rand. Murder trial courtroom melodrama, its long whiskers only slightly trimmed by having the jury culled from the audience. Ambassador, W. 49th.

● **The Taming of the Shrew**, by Shakespeare. Lunt and Fontanne turn the old comedy warhorse into a frisky, galloping young colt and make even theatrical anti-Shakespeareans sit up in their chairs. Guild, W. 52nd.

● **Three Men on a Horse**, by J. C. Holm and George Abbott. Periodically funny stuff about a boob with a clairvoyant gift for picking winners at the track. Playhouse, W. 48th.

● **Tobacco Road**, by James Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. If it runs much longer, Ann Nichols is going to get sore. In case you haven't read the papers for the last two years, it's the drama dealing with Governor Talmadge's lesser constituents. Forrest, W. 49th.

● **Triumph**, by Elizabeth Miele. Trash. And that's putting it mildly. Fulton, W. 46th.

● **Winterset**, by Maxwell Anderson. An uncertain and often confused poetic tragedy dealing with the avenging son of a gangster-murdered father. Moments of eloquence and a fine production by McClintic, together with some good acting, are its commendable points. Martin Beck, W. 45th.

## MOVIES

Don Herold

(\*Not suitable for children)

● **A Midsummer Night's Dream**. I realized I was seeing something terribly fine and beautiful, but I got sleepy.

● **Barbary Coast**.\* Just another tepid gold-rush picture out of a tin can. Edward Robinson and Miriam Hopkins.

● **Charlie Chan in Shanghai**. Count me ga ga where Mr. Oland's Mr. Chans are concerned. I think they're all superb.

● **Dr. Socrates**.\* Dr. Paul Muni gets a chance at a house full of gangsters with his hypodermic. A picture with several fresh slants, but with considerable unbelievable footage.

● **Here Comes Cookie**. That big stupidot, Gracie Allen, if you happen to like her (I don't—yes I do) at her worst, meaning her best.

● **I Live My Life**. The movies at their stupidest. Joan Crawford in a silly silent—with words.

● **King Solomon of Broadway**. Mr. Edmund Lowe drops annoyingly smug wisecracks as he outwits crooks who want to steal his nightclub.

● **Metropolitan**. (Lawrence Tibbett singing.) Confidentially, this is really the only one of the lot (with possibly one exception) which deserves a green this month, even if it is opera singer story No. 246,893.

● **O'Shaughnessy's Boy**.\* Those perennial cry-babies, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, both quite touching in a fairly exciting circus picture with some good animal snaps.

● **Red Salute**. Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Young in the old Gable-Colbert ragging routine. Anti-red, but too dumb to do any good.

● **She Married Her Boss**.\* Crispst and most intelligent comedy since T. T. M. Claudette Colbert deprives Melvyn Douglas of a good secretary and supplies him with a good wife.

● **The Gay Deception**. Francis Lederer's charm and Frances Dee's cuteness (just that) do not make a movie of this badly-recorded and inconsequential rehash of the story of the prince who is pretending to be a waiter.

● **The Last Days of Pompeii**. The rise of Preston Foster from gladiator to arena tycoon, with a walloping finale when Vesuvius blows up. No subtleties, but a whale of a big spectacle.

● **The Last Outpost**. A thrilling picture of the Beau Geste sandlot school, unless you think it over and remember that you have seen it all before, including those clips from *Grass*. Cary Grant and Claude Rains.

● **The Public Menace**.\* Jean Arthur helpless and George Murphy inept in the most inept newspaper-gangster movie it has ever been my duty to endure.

● **The Return of Peter Grimm**.\* The biggest anaesthetic I've had since I had my tonsils out, despite Lionel Barrymore's ingratiating performance as his own ghost.

● **Wings Over Ethiopia**. Absolutely necessary to your appreciation of what the Italians are up against in Ethiopia, but they asked for it.

## SPORTS

Paul Gallico

Football November 23

Those two old friends, Harvard and Yale at Cambridge—prettiest girls, biggest game, biggest drunk. . . . **Pitt-Carnegie Tech.**, rivals for the spot in Pittsburgh's fog. Always a good game. . . . **Vanderbilt-Alabama**, at Vanderbilt. Two fine Southern teams plus sunshine, beautiful sponsors and plenty of forward passes. . . . **Ohio State-Michigan**. Last chance to see what started off as the Wonder Team of the Midwest Conference. . . . **Minnesota-Wisconsin**. Swedes and Poles. . . . **Purdue-Indiana**. Purdue has a real smart team this year even if they do call  
(Continued on page 42)





## YOU ARE A GUEST OF HONOR

when your host serves you wines and liquors  
that bear this Mark of Merit!

This Mark of Merit, which gleams from the world's most distinguished wine and liquor bottles, is accepted throughout the land as an unmistakable symbol of good taste. And so... in this season of festive entertaining, when you wish to pay your guests a truly gracious compliment... may we suggest that you bear in mind this Mark of Merit. Regard-

less of the type of wine or liquor you seek, or the price you wish to pay, it is your trustworthy guide in buying, your promise of the utmost in value... your assurance of Schenley quality!

**Schenley's Ancient Special Reserve**  
The treasured 11-year-old straight rye whiskey, bottled in bond under U. S. Gov't supervision... the last of a limited supply in individually numbered bottles.

*The House of* **SCHENLEY**



**Old Schenley**  
Straight Whiskey  
Bottled in Bond  
under U. S. Gov't supervision  
Never sold until 4 years  
old. Old Schenley bears  
the Mark of Merit.

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**T**HERE is a priceless gift within reach of every one—the gift of friendship.

Of all the services of the telephone there is none more important than this—helping you to make friends and to keep them.

When people are in trouble, you go to them quickly by telephone. The telephone carries your good wishes on birthdays, weddings and anniversaries. Arranges a golf game or gets a fourth for bridge. Invites a business acquaintance to your home for dinner, and advises "home" that he is coming. Renews old times—shares confidences—plans for the future.

Thus the bonds of friendship are formed. Some one, somewhere, says sincerely—"It was nice of you to call."



**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

## LETTERS



### Sports

Gentlemen:

I wonder if you and Paul Gallico have ever heard of a Southern university named North Carolina? Well, sirs, it seems that this unknown college has a football team that isn't mentioned in your "Stop and Go" service. For your information it is among the few undefeated teams in the South, having trounced Tennessee, Maryland and Georgia Tech. on successive week-ends. Also this "unknown" team has been repeatedly mentioned by reputable sports writers as being Sugar Bowl if not Rose Bowl material for this New Year's.

W. M. L.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

[May U.N.C. be still undefeated by the time this is published.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

In your October "Native Industry" article you refer to the Chicago Bear-New York Giant struggle of 1934 as being the introduction of the new rubber-soled football shoes, namely, basketball shoes. May I dust your memory back to the big charity football game in Seattle on Thanksgiving Day, 1932? Jimmy Phelan's University of Washington Huskies were held scoreless the first half by the comparatively unknown West Seattle Athletic Club. The second half, equipped with said shoes, they romped to a 61-0 victory.

GARNET HAYDEN.

Belgrade, Mont.

[Thanks for the dusting.—Ed.]

### Balloons

Gentlemen:

In your "Some of the People" story on balloons you state: "It costs these nude balloon dancers just \$4.50 for a first grade six-foot balloon to dance behind. You can get an inferior quality, four-foot affair for \$2.75." Please send me the name and address of a place where I can buy these.

DR. JOHN DERUHA.

New York City

[Such balloons may be purchased at the United Balloon Co., 125 Fifth Avenue, New York City.—Ed.]

### No Tenggs

Gentlemen:

In your November Letters department, a gentlemen offers \$10.00 to any one who can discover the name Lawthorne any place in the world. Now, may I ask, does any one know of any Tenggs in the world?

NIC TENGG.

San Antonio, Tex.

### Snoophshots

Gentlemen:

I am greatly interested to know from what source your caption writer garnered the word "Snoophshot" used on p. 48 of the October issue. I feel about that word much as a fond parent must feel whose offspring stands up to receive a diploma, because for some months I have been on the lookout for its use by somebody. You see, I coined the word and first used it in the Summer

Issue, 1934, of the *Telephone News*, employee magazine of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. We're too busy over here to think out the meaning of "candid camera photograph", but the word Snoophshot tells the story quickly and with a smile. Question: Did our publication (circulation 21,000, free to employees) spread this word to you, or did your caption writer also invent it?

WALTER M. REYNOLDS.

Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania  
Philadelphia, Pa.

[LIFE's managing editor feels depressed that his originality was preceded.—Ed.]

### Movies

Gentlemen:

Being a sort of awful child of thirteen, and having some things to tell you, I am writing this to you and to Don Herold.

First, doesn't Don Herold get a pretty poor idea of the human race with the letters you receive? To think that people are quite so stupid as to fuss and fripper about the movies. I don't like Hepburn, but I don't consider Mr. Herold a bad critic just because he has a passion for the lady. (Helen Hayes, as far as I'm concerned, is the only great actress in the movies, maybe Garbo.) My dislike of Miss Hepburn is chiefly because people say I remind them of her—the stamping about and being conspicuous.

People, teachers, everyone have for some time attached to me the unlovely tag of "problem child". I have, slyly, kept from them the esoteric news that it is not I, but my parents who are the problem. No disrespect either. My father and mother have battered each other, hurt each other, fought, parted and reconciled. A divorce is now in

## Life

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Gentlemen: Please enter my subscription for twelve months

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L-12

**ON SALE THE 20th  
OF EVERY MONTH**

the offing and I hope to heaven it goes through! They call me a problem!

Grounds for this problem stuff have been (1) my reading George Jean Nathan's books and vehemently expounding his views on sex, the world in general, in my nice private school, (2) telling dumb and nice little boys to go to hell, (3) reading stuff I shouldn't: Lewis, Wells, Mencken, Zola, Proust, etc. Some time ago I saw Shirley Temple in *Our Little Girl*. I went with several children (the nice, sweet, polite variety with pigtails, and clothes from Best & Co.). I concluded that Shirley was a great deal sweeter than myself. She kept her parents together, which was more than I could do—not that I tried very hard.

Don Herold is an awfully good critic, head and shoulders above the rest of these critics, and I hope he has a good laugh over the stupidity of Human Nature.

K—— G——.

Toledo, Ohio.

+

#### Are You Sure?

Gentlemen:

Re "Are You Sure?" in your October number, according to the latest Oxford Dictionary, the word *decadent* is pronounced DECK-a-dent, not de-CAY-dent as you so kindly misinformed your readers.

P. L. SALTONSTALL.

Riddell's Bay, Bermuda

[The Oxford Dictionary frequently disagrees with the two American standard dictionaries, Webster's and Funk & Wagnalls.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

May I inquire your authority for declaring on p. 34, November, that Mussolini's title "Il Duce" means "The Leader"? For your own information, Signor Mussolini has been given the title of "Duce" (Duke) by King Victor Emmanuel.

New York City.

PETER HOLLAND.

[Authorities: Italian Consulate and New York Public Library; the title "Il Duce" is purely popular; the Italian title corresponding to the English "Duke" is "Duca".—Ed.]

+

Gentlemen:

I beg to inform the "Are You Sure?" editor of an error in spelling our justly famous title—Knox Gelatine—without the final "e". The entire family was a bit touched in the pride.

MARY ELIZABETH KNOX.

Boston, Mass.

+

#### Actual Phone Conversation

VOICE: Hello. Is this the crossword puzzle editor?

CROSSWORD EDITOR: Yes.

V.: Well, now, look here. I'm one of your readers and crosswords are my hobby. Your puzzle is good but it's too big. A lot of us have to ride on trains and eat in restaurants and that big puzzle almost has to be spread out on a desk. Why don't you print two small ones, each one on a page by itself?

C.E.: We've had so many letters from people saying they liked the large puzzle we thought it was all right.

V.: Well, it isn't for me. Why don't you get your readers to vote on it?

C.E.: Good idea. I'll see what we can do.

V.: Fine! Goodbye.

[How many readers want two smaller puzzles substituted for the present large one? The number of letters for or against a change will determine our future crossword policy.—Ed.]

# Smoke Less! and with GREATER SATISFACTION

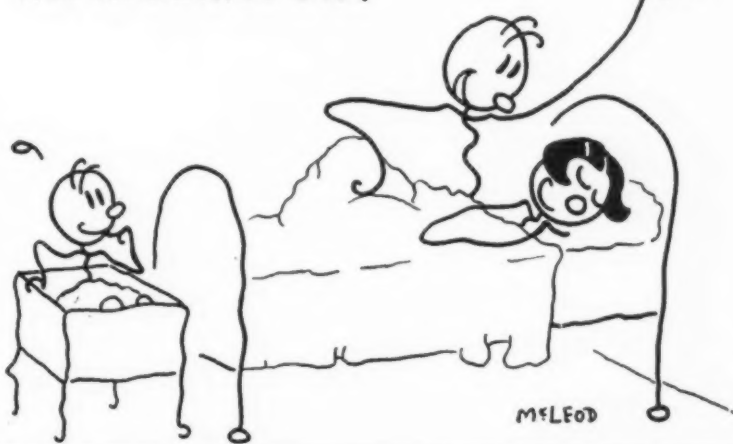


## VIRGINIA ROUNDS

CORN TIPPED  
or  
PLAIN END

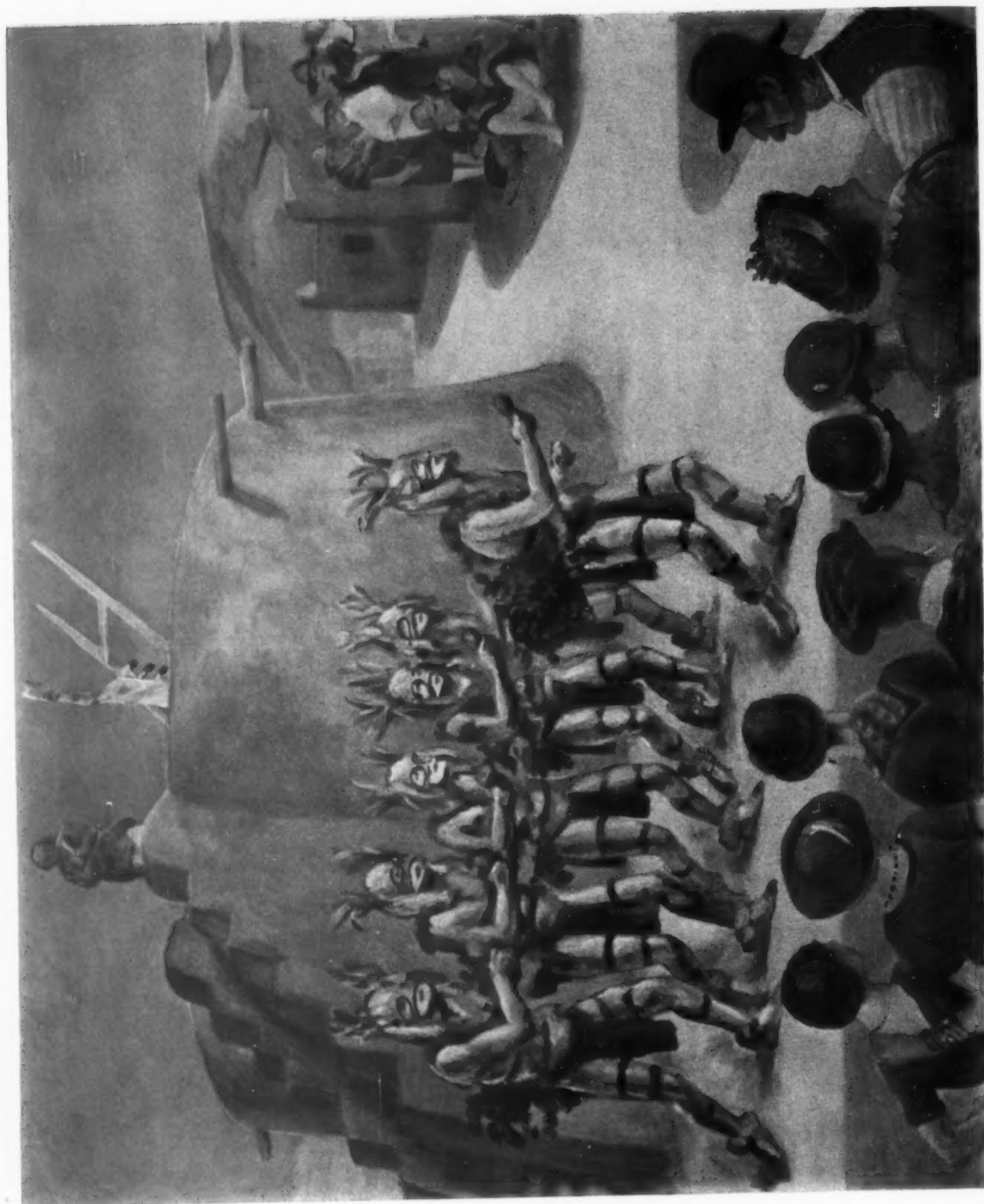
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SAY, DID YOU REMEMBER TO PUT  
A CAN OF DOLE HAWAIIAN  
PINEAPPLE JUICE IN THE  
REFRIGERATOR?



McLEOD





THE AMERICAN SCENE  
(Number Ten)  
+  
"Grotesques  
at Santo Domingo"  
+  
by John Sloan

[See page 48 for notes on artist  
Sloan]

From the  
Grand Central Art Galleries

Engraving by  
Powers Reproduction Corp.



## + SOME OF THE PEOPLE +

### OUR COUNTRY

Item

**T**HE borough council of Essex Falls, N. J., has decreed that between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. no ducks may quack.

Item

**M**OUNTAIN LAKE, Minn., has petitioned the Federal government for \$15,000 to build itself a lake.

Item

**I**T is law in New York City that all whiskers worn by public Santa Clauses must be fireproof.

Chairs

**A** LOT of visitors to the new Supreme Court building in Washington have been worried about the old chairs the Justices have to sit in. They don't harmonize with the rest of the \$200,000 furnishings. Our correspondent tells us that the reason they look old and shabby is that they are old and shabby. They're the same chairs the Justices have sat in for years over in the old Supreme Court chamber and are left-overs from the days when each Justice brought his favorite chair to the bench with him. Right now their market value is exactly \$35.00, but when you tack on historical associations they go up beyond even Andrew Mellon's reach. Probably the Smithsonian will get them. At any rate, new chairs were ordered just as soon as the Justices returned from the summer recess and reached a 5-4 decision on the style and period they wanted.

P. O. Headaches

**E**VERY year, says the Post Office, a flock of Christmas cards are sent out with money hidden in them in such a way that nobody ever gets it. Such a one is Santa Claus with a bag having a slot into which a dollar bill is poked. Sometimes he carries a small envelope. In some the bill is hid-

den back of filigree work. Post Office men happen to know this because a certain number of cards—like every other mail item—are misaddressed and they've learned to fish out the money. A similar greeting card is a framed picture of George Washington in which the picture is supplied by a partly concealed dollar note. Another is a "rainy day" card—girl with umbrella in the folds of which is a bill.

This idea doesn't impress the Post Office men as any too clever, only strengthening their conviction that the average private citizen needs a (1) bodyguard, (2) governess. One thing about which the P. O. never ceases to

be annoyed is the way letters and packages are addressed, and things are at their worst around Christmas. It's quite usual for European packages to arrive marked Peoria, N. Y., or even Chicago, N. Y. There's also a flock of mail addressed to mysterious ports as Kerry Patch and Streeterville. P. O. men wearily mail the first to St. Louis, second to Chicago. Others in this vein are: North Square (Boston), Gas House District, Hell's Kitchen (N. Y.), Loop (Chicago), South of the Slot (San Francisco).

The P. O. takes about \$100,000 a year out of misaddressed mail, perhaps half of which can't be returned; not to

### LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION

#### To Whom It May Concern:

**I**'D like to place a potent Public Servant,  
A fearless fellow, capable and fervent,  
(A builder-upper, cracker-downer,  
Lawyer, soldier, round-the-towner),  
Now engaged in journalistic writing.  
He finds a solemn column unexciting,  
And seeks a job, appointive or elective,  
Demanding inspiration plus invective.

His brain is both electrical and legal.  
He named and tamed a recent reigning Eagle.  
A "natural" for any air commercial  
Or any kind of work that's controversial.  
(A warlike wonder, voice-of-thunder,  
Quick to cut red tape asunder,  
Bustling, hustling, brisk and brief,  
Skillful Chief of Home Relief).  
A jack of all ti-rades and butt of libel,  
As quick to quote Confucius as the Bible.

For references concerning this executive  
Whose jobs were brief, though luckily consecutive,  
Write U. S. A. (Attention of The President),  
Or F. LaGuardia, New York City resident,  
(Or B. Baruch, the banker  
And famed financial anchor).  
My applicant could organize a city,  
Could wave a flag or write a gag that's witty,  
Could manage Mickey Mouse or Gloria Swanson. . .  
Won't anybody hire General Johnson?

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

mention objects of art and near-art. There is also a somewhat valuable assortment of objects found in mailboxes besides mail, especially heavy this time of year. These consist of automatics, blackjacks, knives, drugs and brass knuckles.

## WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Item

**T**HE price of radium has sunk to an all-time low of a million dollars an ounce.

Item

**T**HE largest slot machine in the world is twelve feet high, and is in Los Angeles. You put in your money, and receive a cake of ice.

Item

**I**T costs seven million dollars a year to blow the whistles of locomotives on the railroads of the United States.

### Jumping Kilowatts

**D**YNAMO experts in New York City's power companies can tell you pretty accurately the amount of public interest on any sports

event that is broadcast. The fight between Joe Louis and Max Baer jumped radio usage, and therefore electric consumption, to a peak of 134,000 kilowatts more than the same hour the night before. This beat the record established at last summer's Baer-Braddock championship battle. The heavyweights are way ahead of President Roosevelt in "coaxing a load," as the electrical boys put it. F. D. R. boosted the output only 23,000 kilowatts with his famous bank moratorium speech.

### Mars in Toyland

**P**EOPLE buying toys this Christmas will note a definitely war-like trend in many of the offerings. F. A. O. Schwarz & Co. is showing a complete toy battle outfit, with searchlight trucks that light, motorcycle-telegraph sets with battery buzzers, ambulances with removable stretchers, tanks that will really climb under their own power, and guns that can be fired from around the corner of a davenport by means of a battery and wire. Each piece is camouflaged, making it twice as easy to trip over them.

The only tie-up with the Italian-Ethiopian affair we could discover was a box of Italian lead soldiers side-by-

side with a box of dark-skinned, white-robed soldiers on camels, who might or might not have been Ethiopian warriors. The sales girl with whom we talked denied any such propaganda, and promptly removed the Italians to a far corner, next door to a U. S. squad.

Another popular seller this season has been the short-wave sending set, which any child may possess for \$5.00 and dot-dash a plane attack warning to his playmate on the second story bedroom floor.

We feel obliged, at this point, to add what the sales girl told us. Children today, she said solemnly, refuse to buy only one or two types of soldiers; they insist on units of French, British, German, Italian and American men. It's a World War or nothing.

The thing which will cause a lot of writing to Santa Claus this year, however, is a searchlight about three feet long, containing ten batteries, and capable of throwing a beam of light one mile. We predict hell for parking couples in 1936.

Ship models are expected to be very popular again this year. Last year it was the Rex; this season the Normandie has been an enormous seller, with one outfit costing \$7.00 and a month of swearing to put it together. F. A. O. Schwarz is already anticipating a Queen Mary model, but none has as yet been placed on the market.

A closing ugly note to our visit was the new game for adults called Politics. The object of this game (played with dice) is for each player to become President, to attain which end you must get 266 electoral votes (we think that's accurate). The roll of the dice enables you to buy counties in each state, and by the use of rubber money and little cards with bromidic political platforms printed on them it all becomes very degrading and American.

And in case you're a miniature train fancier, Lionel has added real whistles to its streamline trains this year. You can blow them by pressing a button at the side of the track. About \$4.50 extra.

## SOCIETY

*Débutantes (see front cover)*

**M**ORE than two million dollars will be spent in New York; about half that in Philadelphia; about one-third that in Boston; one-fourth that in San Francisco.



"It's Master John, Mr. President!"



Add the quotas for Detroit, Chicago and way points and you have a very neat, very round sum dedicated to the ritual of bringing out daughter. Although in England, it seems, socialites don't care very much whether their daughters come out or stay in, in America daughters invariably come out—to the accompaniment of exploding flash-bulbs and Eddy Duchin.

The figure quoted above will cover fairly adequately the débuts of 200 young ladies in the New York area this season; there was a time when such an amount would laughingly have been considered a drop in the débutante bucket. That was, of course, in the nineteen-twenties, when father was doing quite well for himself and mother was determined to bring out daughter with a bang that would shake even the calm of a *Herald Tribune* society editor. Those were the days when floral decorations for a ball ran anywhere from \$2,500 to \$10,000; when balls cost up to \$75,000; when famous artists were called in at a very flattering fee to change a ballroom into a bit of old Japan or old Alaska or old Palm Beach; when separately engraved invitations were sent to two or three hundred guests at a cost of five dollars per invitation.

But time has sobered us all, and ten or twelve thousand is a fair enough amount to spend — \$200, perhaps \$300, for photographs (the newspapers, you know); from \$500 to \$1,000 for additional clothes; two orchestras at \$2,500 per; the ballroom, another \$2,500 or so; drinks, decorations, incidentals (a new white tie for father), and there you have it. This does not include the preliminary buildup—teas, luncheons, receptions, theatre escorts; and if mother decides that a house at Southampton is imperative during the summer if daughter is to meet the right people, it means another \$2,000.

It is obvious that a young lady who has been through the social mill will put far more personality into selling evening bags at Saks than will someone who never came out.

## HIGHER LEARNING

Item

**E**NGLISH students who want to obtain farm jobs in Canada learn the art of milking at a dairy school of England, where they practice with canvas udders.



"Gertrude has grown gray in our service."

Item

**I**N a poll held at Princeton University whiskey was voted the favorite beverage, receiving 84 ballots as against 53 for milk.

Smoker

**D**UKE University (Durham, N. C.) has been presented with a statue of the late James B. Duke holding a bronze cigar.

Ph.D.'s

**W**E'VE been looking into the matter of Ph.D. degrees,—not the honorary kind, but those earned by the mental sweat of seven or eight years. We've found that educators generally are a bit sad about the present status of the Doctor of Philosophy. It seems there are too many of them.

At the University of California a paper was submitted recently with the title: *The objective measurement of success in the teaching of folk dancing to university women*. At Columbia we found one with a sad note of defeatism: *Some effects produced in an individual by knowledge of his own intellectual level*. It's something we all have to go through. Another at Columbia is titled,

cryptically, *Concerning our girls and what they tell us*.

At Princeton an earnest young scholar has dedicated the best years of his life to: *The swimming speed of rats as a function of the presence or absence of sound*.

Harvard seems to be more original and prolific with these: *The earthworms of Bermuda*; *The inheritance and linkage relations of a new recessive spotting in the house mouse*; *The money question in French comedy of the 19th century*; *The Polish foreign policy under King Wladyslaw Jagiello in relation to the Hussite movement in Bohemia*.

Chicago goes a step further with: *The nervous system of a two-headed pig embryo*; *Anatomy of the parsnip root*; *The industrial geography of Scranton*; and *A study of the physical growth of boys by means of water displacement*.

Cornell's scholars seem to turn mainly to plant and animal life, as witness these fruits of scholarship: *Relation of quality to the retail price of eggs in New York City*; *The blood of sheep*; *Studies of the effects of storage temperature on the propagation value of potato tubers*; *Growth and fruiting studies with the*



"It sort of takes them by surprise."

tomato; Development of the palatine tonsil in the cat; The relative vitamin content of dried whey and dried skim-milk.

We're a bit puzzled, however, by a thesis written at Northwestern with the title: *The morphology of a species of tapeworm not previously reported for bears*. Could that last word, by any chance, have been meant to be years?

## UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Item

THE *National Geographic* magazine has a standing offer of \$2500 for anyone who can produce a complete file of its editions.

Adowa

WE are happy to state that the *New York Times* is spelling Aduwa, Ethiopia, as *Adowa* and, what's more, knows why. Curious to know why the *Times* should defy the AP, the UP and the INS, we had a short talk with the managing editor. It appears that when the Ethiopian affair first began to look serious the *Times* wired the National Geographic Society in Washing-

ton for an authoritative list of Ethiopian names and places. The N.G.S. wired back that there was no such thing, that the nearest to it was the British war map which it was forwarding. The *Times*, a little uneasy that there was no final authority for one thing in this world, dug around a bit more and discovered that the Amharic language had no vowels and that therefore it was up to each language to interpret each Ethiopian name as it saw fit. Dejectedly, the *Times* accepted the British war map spellings on all except Aduwa. That town was spelled Adowa in the campaign of 1896 and, by George and Mary, it was going to stay so. To back up its stand, a man was sent over to the Public Library with orders to read every story and book on Ethiopia he could find. He reported the spelling Adowa in 96 per cent of his reading. The *Times* was satisfied.

*Adowa* is the only word on which the *Times* will take a fighting stand. All the rest is a compromise, it admits. On several occasions it has cabled Emperor Selassie direct for authoritative spellings and pronunciations. The last time it happened they asked him wheth-

er Selassie was spelled with one "l" or two. The Emperor replied, "One."

## GREAT MINDS

"It looks as if the Committee of the League thinks I am a collector of deserts."

—Benito Mussolini.

"When you boil it down, the League is nothing but a league of receivers of stolen property."

—James W. Gerard.

"The League has been let down by somebody."

—David Lloyd George.

"The only time I really, truly forget myself is when I'm hammering away at my typewriter."

—Jean Harlow.

"Phooey for the Social Register—it's just a private telephone book, anyway."

—Marjorie Oelrichs.

"I've given away a hell of a lot of diamonds."

—John Barrymore.

"I'm startled at the amount of liquor American girls drink, especially in cocktails."

—Annette Kellerman.

"I feel it would be an injustice to a job if I worked for six months and then left on another hunting trip."

—George W. Vanderbilt.

"Things are all right over the country."

—James A. Farley.

"There's a dog smell in every suit I own."

—Charles Ruggles.

"In zoos, animals are very nice."

—Mrs. Frank Buck.

"I guess you might say I was born a Girl Scout."

—Mrs. Herbert Hoover.

"It pays to advertise. I attribute my own success to the judicious use of white space."

—Sally Rand.

# DENTAL MIRROR



IN the dentist's chair, Mr. Tyler glanced at the cabinet to his right and noticed several dental mirrors lying in a half open drawer. He saw that they lacked handles.

"Old mirrors?" he inquired, idly.

"That's right," said the dentist, "would you like one?" Mr. Tyler hesitated.

"Why, I don't know," he said. "I guess I might, at that. I could sort of keep a tab on things, couldn't I?"

At home Mr. Tyler put the mirror in a chiffonier drawer. He didn't notice it until a week later when he opened the drawer to get a tie. He took out the instrument, polished it and looked in the chiffonier mirror, first examining the molar which had troubled him so much. The inlay seemed enormous. He passed the dental mirror along his teeth, observed the fillings closely and finally discovered a small spot on a lower molar. He imagined it was a filling but, tilting his head back to get a better light, became more interested in an irregularity in the conformation of the roof of his mouth. It seemed to be a small depression on the left side. . . . Mr. Tyler became aware of his face in the chiffonier mirror. He replaced the dental mirror in the drawer and put on his tie.

Next morning he got the mirror out and went to the bathroom. In the bathroom mirror he again looked at the roof of his mouth, tilting his head far back. Suddenly Mrs. Tyler appeared at the bathroom door.

"What are you doing?" she said. "Why are you holding your head like that?"

Mr. Tyler jumped.

"Just looking at my mouth." He held up the dental mirror somewhat triumphantly. "Look what Dr. McDonell gave me. I can sort of keep a tab on things, you know."

When he used the mirror again he tried the bedroom, where he felt he might get a better light. After experimenting, he found that by standing with his back to the window he could reflect the sunlight from a hand-mirror directly into his mouth. Thenceforth he formed the habit of using the

dental mirror at the bedroom window. Mrs. Tyler never found him doing so, for, hearing her step, Mr. Tyler would slip the mirror quickly into his pocket. However, she often came upon him opening and shutting his mouth spasmodically and clacking his teeth together.

Once, while at the bedroom window, he happened to notice out of the corner of his eye a woman in the window across the court. He felt sure she was looking at him and he did not remove the dental mirror from his mouth too quickly but in the instant before he did so the woman turned and beckoned to someone. Mr. Tyler left the window. In a moment he went back, peering around the curtain. The woman had been joined by a man and they were looking across the court and smiling.

"Might as well be a goldfish," thought Mr. Tyler angrily.

After this he used the bathroom mirror even though the light was not so satisfactory, and the necessity of holding his head back left his neck very stiff. However, he discovered finally that by standing on the bath scales he could bring his mouth closer to the bathroom light and see almost as well as he had in the bedroom.

One day, standing on the scales with the dental mirror in his mouth, he suddenly lost hold of it. It dropped on his tongue and there was a sickening moment when he felt it slowly sliding back toward his throat. Fear gripped him in the pit of his stomach and traveled paralyzingly into his legs. Suddenly he turned a little to his right and bent over. After an instant while he made strange gagging sounds, the mirror dropped to the floor. He got shakily off



"It was nice of that couple to go out and get the dancing started."





the scales and stood a moment before picking it up. When he did he discovered that it was broken; only one thin sliver of glass still remained in the small circle. Still breathing a little hard, he picked out the sliver mechanically and swept up the debris. Then he peered into the bathroom mirror, sighing, and looked wistfully at his front teeth.

Mr. Tyler didn't see his dentist for nearly a year.

—LOUIS JAMME

## MARCHING SONGS FOR 1935-36

### I

**R**OCKABYE baby, upon the tree top,  
When the gun roars, your cradle  
will rock;  
When the bomb bursts, your cradle will  
fall,  
And down will come baby and gas  
mask and all.

### II

Bye Baby Bunting,  
Daddy's gone a-hunting,  
To get a little soldier skin  
To wrap his boss's steel stock in.

### III

Where are you going, my Russian  
maid?  
"I'm going to battle, sir," she said.

### IV

Baa, baa, Blackshirt, have you any soil?  
No, sir, no, sir! None producing oil.

### V

The butcher, the baker, the armament  
maker  
Collect a per cent on each desolate acre.

### VI

There was an old Fascist who lived on  
a Boot;  
He had too many children (artillery and  
foot).  
He gave them some rifles and plenty of  
ration,  
And sent them down south—to pro-  
mote civilization.

### VII

Benito and Haile went up the hill  
To superintend the slaughter;  
Haile fell down and lost his crown,  
Benito came tumbling after.

—POWERS MOULTON

## SAY IT WITH BOTTLES

*"California telegraph companies have been given legal authority to accept orders for liquor."—News item.*

"**H**ELLO, operator, I want Western Union. . . . Hello, Western Union. . . . What kind of beer have you?"

"Acme, Golden Glow, Schlitz, Budweiser, Blue Ribbon and Hupfels."

"How much will it cost me to wire a case of Budweiser to Troy, New York?"

"It all depends. Do you want it to go straight wire, day message or night letter?"

"What would you suggest?"

"Straight wire would probably be

best. The message will be delivered in an hour and will be good and cold. We send most of our beer and Bromo-Seltzer this way."

"What's the rate?"

"It's 20 cents a bottle for the first ten bottles and 25 cents a bottle for every bottle over ten. Address, signature and a bottle opener included."

"How about pretzels?"

"We don't handle pretzels. I think Postal Telegraph has them, though."

"Any return on empties?"

"There's a small rebate if they're re-



*"I'm going back to the Quinby Valve and Foundry Company, where I'm appreciated."*

turned via Western Union."

"How about cocktails?"

"What about cocktails?"

"I'd like to send half a dozen martinis to a friend of mine in Jersey City."

"Is that m for Mabel, a for arithmetic, r for Robert, t for Tom, i for Isabel, n for never and i for—"

"—i for eye-opener!"

"Thanks. . . . Do you want it to go straight or day message?"

"Mixed, if you don't mind."

"Sorry, sir, but you'll have to do your own mixing and it'll be 25 cents for each ingredient."

"How about olives?"

"Western Union includes the olive."

"Orange bitters?"

"Bitters are counted as one whole word."

"Maybe I could work it into the address some way and save money. Could I say, 'George W. (dash of bitters) Carmany' without paying extra?"

"We wired a cocktail last night for a gentleman who signed himself 'Twisted Lemon Peel,' so I imagine you'd be safe."

"Listen, don't put Italian vermouth in that message!"

"Don't worry, sir—our chief operator used to be head bartender in the old Hoffman House. He can send 40 drinks a minute! Never makes a mistake!"

"Okay. Sign both drinks 'Cluett'."

"Oh, Mr. Cluett—we have a wire for you."

"Read it over the phone to me, please."

"It's from G. C. Lea, Buffalo, New York."

"All right—go ahead—read it."

"I can't read it—it's a highball!"

"What kind?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, taste it, then!"

"Just a minute while I get some ice. . . . As a matter of fact, I think it's Scotch, sir."

"Great! Send it right over before the ice melts."

"I'm sorry, sir, but you'll have to call for it. You see, our boys had a heavy night and none of them is able to get on his bicycle this morning."

—JACK CLUETT

Representative "Ham" Fish of New York swears that since 1905 he has never missed a Harvard-Yale football game. This is a sentiment we all feel at times.

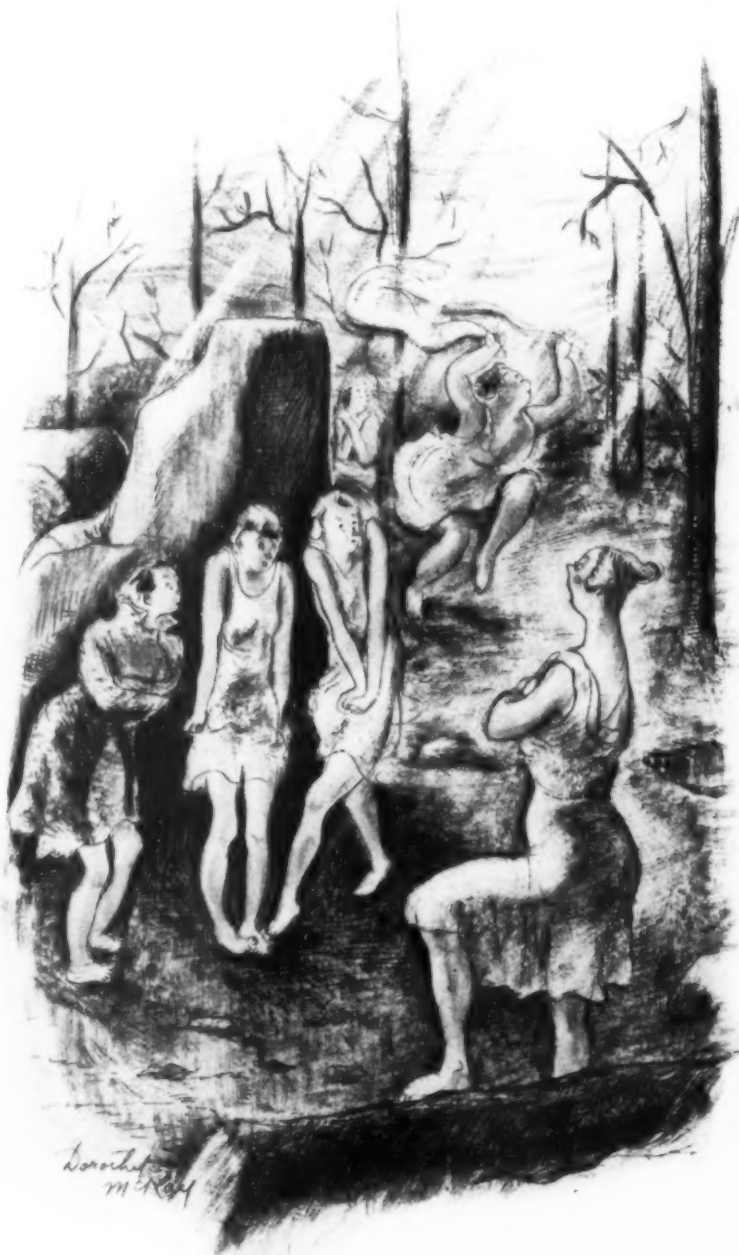
## THEMES FOR SONGS

**T**HEME: We've got just about everything—lots of money, nice big house, couple of yachts, plenty of autos, and all that. I've got a swell job, and we never have the least trouble paying the rent, the butcher, the baker, the tailor and all the other people. There's only one hitch. We have to live with each other, and you're ugly as sin, and quite a pain in the neck. I'm not so hot either, and you know it.

Theme: Don't try to dance the New

Umpadoopa because it's one lousy dance if there ever was one. It won't set your feet a-tapping, and it won't send thrills up your spine. It's as dead as a last year's tennis ball, and believe me, baby, it's not the fashion in Harlem, London, Paris, Havana or any other spot on this globe. Keep away from it.

Theme: I'm not heading back to my good 'ole home in the good 'ole North-South-East-West. It's a punk home, and I always hated it. I'm darn glad to be in the dirty city working twelve hours a



"Shame on you! Woodland Nymphs never feel the cold!"



day, and going around with a lot of fellows who wouldn't do a thing for me unless they expected to get something out of it. I don't look forward to seeing mammy or pappy back in the 'ole home. Not in the least. Mammy can talk the ear off a brass monkey, and pappy has always treated me like a dog. Let 'em get on by themselves.

*Theme:* You're a double-crossing man. You make dates with me, and then you go out with other babes. You make me pay for the whole works if you ever *do* take me to dinner, and you don't even give me carfare home. You slug me, and push me on the floor not infrequently, and in general get away with murder. And, boy, do I hate you for it? I do, and I don't mean perhaps.

*Theme:* I loathe the moon which, as anyone with any sense knows, is a cold, uninhabited and totally useless planet. Give me a good, hot, smoky stuffy room, a stiff drink and a few other mugs to play poker with. If you like to stroll in the moonlight, baby, there's no law against your doing it by yourself.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

## ODE TO H. H.

COME, Herbert, now invoke the Muse  
And chant that song, 'I do not choose,'  
In earnestness begun  
By Cal the Great in better days,  
When he composed that famous phrase,  
'I do not choose to run!'

Ambition must be turned aside;  
Forget it, Herb, your wounded pride  
Will heal! Much must be done,  
And others, too, will sacrifice  
If you but follow this advice:  
'I do not choose to run!'

Perhaps you'd like the nomination,  
No doubt you think you'd save the Nation

And then enjoy the sun  
Of well-earned fame, but many doubt,  
And wish you'd say or state or shout:  
'I do not choose to run!'

Republicans await your voice,  
Await for you to make your choice—  
This battle **MUST** be won!  
We want your help, but can't you see  
The best thing you could say would be,  
'I do not choose to run?'

—HAROLD CHAMBERLIN



"Will you finish your lunch after I'm through washing, sir?"

## HIT THE DECK

**M**Y trouble is getting the first cigaret to come out of the pack. All around me I see people swiftly tear off a corner of the deck, give an expert tap on the top, and up pops a thin round tube. I can tap the pack to a pulp and that first cigaret will not pop up.

The tough moment, though, is when a friend is standing by waiting for a smoke. Under his eyes I go all to pieces and begin to claw. The edge of the paper tears off, the tobacco begins rolling out, but those 20 cigarets are tighter than a bartender in a tavern owned by a blind man.

In private, I just pull out a common pin I wear in my lapel and pick the first cigaret out. If it doesn't respond, I dig the tobacco out of it until it collapses. That always works.

At one time or another I have been taught how to light cigarets on horseback, when wet from swimming, and in an open car. But nobody has ever tried to coach me in getting 'em out of pack-

ages. Everybody seems to take that as a matter of course. With me, it's a hurdle that will eventually have me quit of smoking, or toting a cumbersome cigaret case.

I approached a friend who is salesman for a large cigaret firm. I proposed that he suggest to his company that cigarets come packed with a strip, or tab, of paper in a corner of each deck, a marked corner. Then all one need do would be to rip off that corner and yank up the tab. But he said the company was already having trouble getting the twentieth cigaret in, without any further padding.

My system when in public is now a simple one. I just rip the paper pack apart, grab the cigarets and shove them in an old pack I keep in my pocket. The ones that won't go in I throw away.

—NORMAN SULLIVAN

And if the trucks on our highways get much bigger—it won't make much difference if they do beat the trains to railroad crossings.



"Meet my new boy friend off the Minneapolis."

## POUSSE CAFE

"NOW, wait a minute, fellas. Who's doing this? . . . Well, all right, then—you can make it your way after I get through. I've only been making these things for twenty years. . . . Now, first the maraschino. Get the idea? The maraschino, being the heaviest, goes in first. . . . Are you trying to be funny, Dot? . . . Well, what's the big idea of putting a cherry in the glass? . . . Not maraschino *cherry*, you nit-wit. Maraschino—the cordial. This isn't going to be an old-fashioned, you know. I'll show you something you never knew about an old-fashioned after. . . . All right. So far, so good. . . . Now for the crème de menthe. . . . Not cream de mint, Larry. *Crème de menthe*. It's French. . . . There we be! . . . You see, the crème de menthe, being lighter, floats on the maraschino. . . . What d'ya mean, what of it? Listen, big girl—this drink takes finesse. You've got to pour it carefully or it mixes together and spoils the effect.

"Now for the chartreuse. Hand me the chartreuse, Don. . . . It's not chartreuse, Betty—it's *chartreuse*. French. . . . Not green, stupid—yellow. The green is the same color as the crème de menthe, and you couldn't tell whether it was floating if it were green. . . .

What d'ya mean, who cares? You want it to look right, don't you? . . . You wouldn't. . . . Now see what we've got? There's red at the bottom—that's the maraschino. That sinks because it's the heaviest. Then comes the crème de menthe which floats on the maraschino because it's lighter. Then we have the yellow chartreuse which floats on the crème de menthe because it's lighter. Notice how that gives you the red, green and yellow effect?

"Wait a minute, Dot! Don't drink it—I'm not *half* through yet. . . . What d'ya mean, lemon! Listen; I'll make you a drink with lemon, after I get through with this, that'll knock your hat off. . . . Now for the cognac. Cognac is lighter than chartreuse so that comes next on our program. . . . You got to be steady at this point or you wreck the whole works. . . . See how that floats! Is that marvelous or not? . . . Now for the final touch. Crème de cassis. . . . *Où est la crème de cassis?* . . . *Merci, madame.* . . . Now, this is the lightest of all. This floats on the cognac, the cognac floats on the yellow chartreuse, the chartreuse floats on the crème de menthe, and the crème de menthe floats on the maraschino. . . . Nobody breathe, now. . . . Good Lord! . . . The crème de cassis is sinking. . . . Wait a minute! It's supposed to float.

. . . Something's gone haywire. . . . I've got it! . . . I should have put the crème de cassis in first because, I remember now—it's the heaviest. . . . Hand me a fresh glass, Betty. Everything's going to be all right. . . . Yes, sir—crème de cassis is the heaviest. . . . Gin fizz? Who said gin fizz? . . . Listen; I'll make you kids the grandest gin fizz you ever tasted. Instead of using gin, you mash up. . . . —J. C.

## THINGS YOU'D NEVER KNOW UNLESS WE TOLD YOU

EMPEROR Haile Selassie of Ethiopia has ordered a throne installed in one of his aeroplanes.

When sleeping at Buckingham Palace, the King of England is always roused at seven-thirty in the morning by a page with a cup of coffee.

France imports five hundred tons of snails and frog legs a year from Germany.

The usual fee of London jewelers for a night's hiring of a diamond tiara is twenty-five dollars, plus six dollars for insurance.

The life of the flags flying day and night over the United States Capitol is less than thirty days.

The Maharajah of Indore has a decided weakness for slot machines.

When Lincoln was fifty years old he had a personal estate of twelve thousand dollars.

A hundred average men, *in toto*, have as much skin surface as a hundred and twenty-eight average women.

More people understand Chinese than any other language.

Franklin Institute made a color test of Rudy Vallée's voice and found that it is pale greenish-blue.

"John" is the most common Christian name among American vice-presidents. —W. E. FARBSTAIN

# OUR NATIVE INDUSTRIES—XI

## PRESS CLIPS

**M**OST everybody likes to see his name in print. Many will even pay people to look through every magazine and newspaper and snip out stories mentioning them. That's why clipping bureaus have flourished for 50 years, constantly searching in the interests of their clients for items ranging from the newsworthy to the ridiculous.

One bureau solemnly clips, pastes and mails to a client, presumably adult, the bright-eyed career of Little Orphan Annie. Another client receives a raft of stories on memory feats by elephants. There has been a demand for items about accidents from pop bottles thrown at baseball games, about beer caps picturing funny characters, record-size stuffed alligators, and references to *Mickey Mouse* magazine. The J. Walter Thompson Co. (advertising) has been known to preserve all references to curly hair, and Benton & Bowles have collected frankfurter items.

The classic order for clippings involved mice found in teapots. A hotel man whose bill had been laughed away because of a mouse wanted to find out whether it was a racket.

Activities of rats are welcome news to one subscriber, who sells extermination. There is a lightning rod man who collects homes struck by lightning; a steel bar man who wants new jails. Any item praising or damning the health value of oysters is of interest to the Oyster Institute of America, if no one else. Announcements of newspaper picture puzzle contests, figure puzzles or movie contests leading up to a prize of \$500 or better are wanted by several professional puzzle solvers.

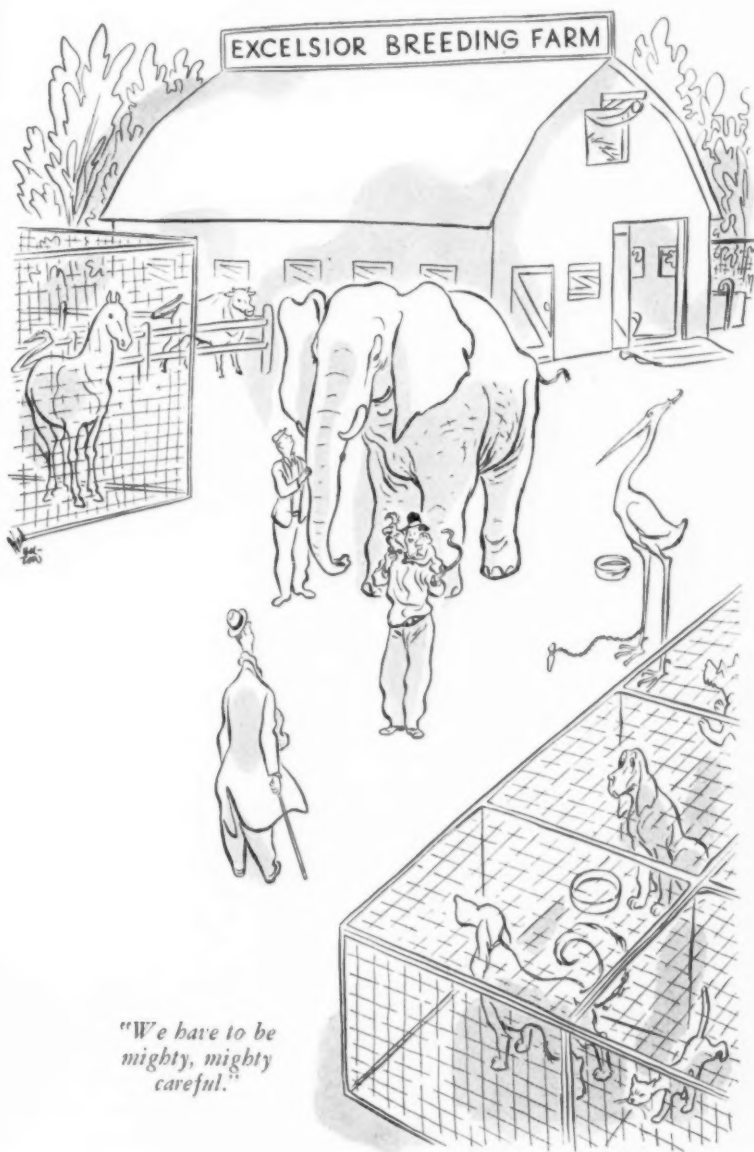
Hardly a subject but has been of interest to some one, including love poems (not the flippant kind), anecdotes about cats, poker yarns, gibes at poetry, sneers at the stage, cartoons on doctors. Jokes are a busy item, one bureau having orders for all epigrams, cartoons or funny incidents dealing with the medical profession, birth control legislation, criminal courts, and education. Other pot-boilers are society engagements and weddings (sought by purveyors of jewelry, furs, flowers) and deaths. Of deaths the clipping offices have learned to be wary; one found that a client who said he was selling

memorial cards was also mailing fountain pens, Bibles and other gold-lettered treasures to the dear lamented with stiff bills for same. The bureau now demands details.

**F**OUR national and thirty-three local clipping bureaus live only to fulfill these and more prosaic wishes. The big four are Luce's Press Clipping Bureau, Romeike-Public Service Press Clipping Bureau, American Press Clipping Service, Burrelle's Press Clipping Bureau, all with principal offices in New York. While any of them would only blush if called Amer-

ica's largest, Luce and Romeike are said to do 80% of the business. It's fairly good pin money. Romeike and Luce each gross about \$250,000 a year.

The Romeike people point to an incident which has become a legend. In 1874 or 1879 (according to different stories) young Henry Romeike, a hungry Polish waif in Paris, goggled to see an artist (some versions have him a musician, and at least one an actor) step up to a kiosk and pay cash for an armful of newspapers, looking for some notice of his particular boon-doggle. Bothered was Henry to see such a waste of papers when only a few items were wanted. The next we know—still in 1874 or 1879—the world's pioneer press clipping office has been opened in Paris.







"They say he's got a string of 8:47's as long as your arm."

The bureau thrived, rediscovering the ancient truth that people are not unwilling to read what is said about them. Two years later Henry embarked for London and assisted in bringing forth the firm of Romeike & Curtice, still one of Europe's busiest. In 1881, say Romeike's, he migrated to New York to form another press bureau.

Henry died in 1903. Until 1925 his son Georges continued, troubled by competition from Henry's brother Albert, who opened another Romeike's. Henry's son adopted a letterhead, "Be sure it's Henry. Other Romeikes may disappoint" and declared he had "No connection with any other Romeike." Georges died in 1925. Albert stuck by his business until 1932. After having scraped along for twenty years he sold a score of his best accounts to the Henry company. This had already merged with a bureau owned by David J. Handler, who is now the proprietor of Romeike-Public Service.

The rise of the Luce bureau is not so legendary. It was the belief of Robert J. Luce (for 16 years, now, a

Congressman from Massachusetts, he has just written his fourth volume on legislative procedure) that Boston is entitled to everything New York has. In 1881 he and brother Linn acquired half an office, half an office boy. Luce's grew and merged with others, among which was an old New York office named the National Press Intelligence Co. The National was an older bureau than Luce's, and gives rise to doubt among the Luce people that Romeike really was America's pioneer.

America proved the natural hunting ground for press clips. Nowhere are there so many papers, so many people who become jittery when their names appear in print. Bureaus now read 15,000 American papers and mags, getting free subscriptions when they can, but usually buying them.

**T**HE clipping office of today is that of 1890 with minor changes. Reading is done

by rows of girls at desks, each of whom reads daily the same group of papers. In one day a bright girl digs through thirty papers including the want ads. The desk is topped with celluloid, under which go lists of new names. Each reader has a book with names of about 2,500 subjects sought—all girls getting the same list. Patiently the girls read on, pausing to blue-pencil such items as are wanted (when two are on opposite sides of a page she hunts up another paper). When the sheet is read she marks at the top how many clips are to be taken, and stuffs the paper full of as many printed slips (name and date of paper, name of subscriber) as there will be clippings.

New York Sunday papers average 700 clippings, the Boston *Transcript* on week days about 400, San Francisco *Chronicle* (Sunday), Pittsburgh *Post* and other big papers about 150.

At intervals the forelady rises to announce new names.

It's quite a job remembering them all—takes a girl two or three months to get started, six months to be pretty good. If she survives a year her job is steady. Bureaus used to employ a "certain type of mechanically alert shopgirl," but now they have to use normal school graduates—lists have grown.

With papers read, they go to cutters. Cutting is now done with razor-blade knives on zinc plates, and a good piece-work cutter extracts 2,000 items a day. The clips are pasted to slips and go into boxes. These are cleared daily for big subscribers and the clips sent out in bulky manila envelopes. We noticed one addressed to Elaine Barrie, Hotel

Barbizon-Plaza. It was about the size of a football.

Where there is so much system there will be mistakes. Bureaus would blushing admit having sent more than one story involving assault and battery to a battery manufacturer, items on a tax levy to a client named Levy, stories on



country gentlemen to the *Country Gentleman*. Once a story headed "Love Is Blind" went to an institution for the blind. One bureau would even confess, if pressed, to having mailed a news item titled "Stage Door John Held by Police" to artist John Held, Jr.

**M**OST of the clippings are pretty dull. Vanity subscribers are scarce; papers and mags are not so flattering as they were. At one time a fourth of the clients were vanities; now it's less. Luce's has scarcely half a dozen. The big customers are broadcasting chains, aviation companies, trade associations. Burelle's biggest order is for anything containing the word "silk"—a silk makers' association just wants to know. Authors are keen on book reviews, stage people on notices. This time of year there's a lot of political work. So far the Democratic National Committee has received over a million clips on the New Deal from each of several bureaus.

Ford has long been known as the first citizen, and still is, over a long period, though outshone for a time by people like Father Coughlin. Roosevelt and Hoover aren't rated as private characters, really—they're spokesmen for institutions. Biggest event recently was the death of Will Rogers. Fred Stone is collecting about twenty scrap-books on it.

There's one item the bureaus never miss, and that is stories about clipping bureaus. There aren't many. The other item they really want is names of possible subscribers, to whom goes this letter: "Articles about yourself have been appearing recently in a number of newspapers and magazines. We would be pleased to collect these articles or paragraphs and mail them to you at a reasonable rate per hundred." The rate is about five cents each for the first thousand.

Unfortunately this letter has inspired a dinky racket which has led some people to the conclusion that all clipping offices are managed by thugs. It's a very simple racket. The perpetrator buys a Paducah paper in Chicago, snips every item with a name in it, writes a group of letters, as: "We have a clipping about you that may be of value. If you care to receive same send 50c in stamps or cash and refer to file G." The prospect naturally supposes he has his name in a Chicago paper.

This racket recently has expanded. There are those who would teach others how to make money at home. Advertised one under "Help Wanted Female":

"Ladies wanted home work for spare time. No canvassing or experience needed. Particulars 2c stamp."

Those who wrote received this come-on:

"The work consists of clipping newspapers and addressing special printed cards. If you can address and mail 500 to 1,000 cards weekly, you should earn a nice average income." They furnished cards and "other items necessary in presenting the plan of work" for \$1.

The Post Office closes these up pretty fast, but they open fast. They have nothing to do with the serious business of press clippings.

**P**RESS clippers get kicks all the time. Though clients don't often say so, the reason may be that the clips are apt to be nasty. That's one of the hazards of subscribing. Another arises when a client has contracted for unlimited clips—all items on a given subject—and finds his bill has jumped to \$1,000 a month because of something startling. Lindbergh was a subscriber when his hop to France broke;

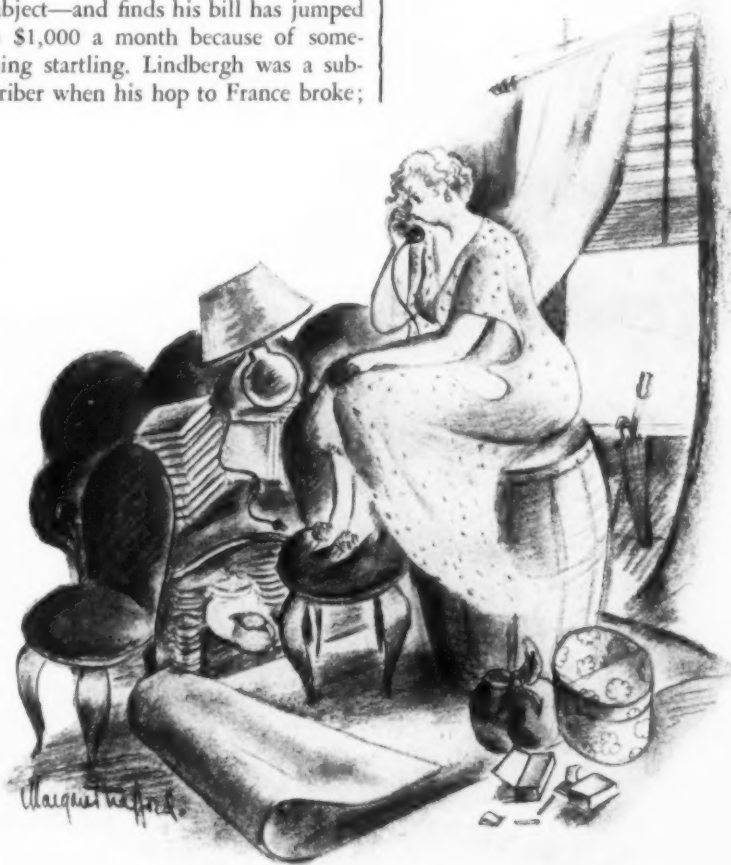
he would have been liable for \$3,500 worth of clippings if he hadn't proved that he contracted for only \$35 worth. Former President Thomas W. Atkinson of Louisiana State U. was taking everything on Senator Long when Huey came to a conclusion. This meant 10,000 clips at 3c. Last we heard, he hadn't objected.

Recently a Washington paper carried a story that an office has been opened "like a press clipping bureau" to listen in on radio and report what is said about avocados, mattresses or potato bug culture. The big bureaus saw the item with apprehension. To cover all U. S. radio talk would take 400 radios and 1,000 operators. This would be dreadful and they'd rather not think about it. If they ever do we're going to write down somewhere the name of the pioneer. It may save trouble.

—JAMES W. HOLDEN

+

If you have trouble in telling the front from the back of streamlined cars, just notice the driver. Front is the way he isn't looking.



"I want to be put in storage."



## THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THOSE loyal admirers and pertinacious subjects of Fatty Arbuckle, Barbara La Marr and Henry Walthall who are adamant in their conviction that the theatre is dead should hop a freight and take a look at it these days. For an old corpse, it is doing some pretty fancy cutting up. Not only, as this is being written, are the majority of the theatres in New York booked with attractions; not only is business fairly sweet; not only are the plays and shows, whatever their defects here and there, much superior to the past general run; not only is the old-time theatre feel and exciting smell once again in the night air; not only—but that's enough not only for one sentence. So, to a specific and less emotional outline of what is going on.

At the Guild Theatre, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have shaken the cobwebs off the proscenium arch with a version of *The Taming of the Shrew* that should make Shakespeare roll over in his grave and give Anne Hathaway a delighted hug. The long-distance rolling that this might involve shouldn't matter much to the Bard, particularly after his depressed spirit had seen what Philip Merivale and Gladys Cooper recently did to his *Othello* and *Macbeth*. The Lunt-Fontanne duo have done him a long awaited service in taking his low comedy out of the hands of actors who customarily play it as if the house were full of bishops and as if they themselves had just had dinner with Fritz Leiber, and in projecting it, as it should be projected, much like an old Keystone squash pie. It is, accordingly and appropriately, the gay stuff it should be and generally isn't.

The boozy and chuckling mood in which the exhibit has been registered serves to conceal its several minor blemishes. These consist in an occasional self-conscious overemphasis of the waggery of the presentation which alienates the audience's response much as a too steadily pressed door-bell induces an annoyed disinclination to answer it as quickly as one otherwise would; in Miss Fontanne's negligible

reading of the play's admirable coda; and in several subordinate actors who, judging by their visible gifts, must be working for their subway fare and are being overpaid. But the show on the whole provides an invigorating and sprightly evening and recompenses the shade of old William for the agony it must have suffered over the two afore-said Merivale-Cooper Shakespearean contraceptives and that it must still be suffering, and very acutely, over the Max Reinhardt movie version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

IN *Most of the Game*, John Van Druten tosses off a lot of that amusing light dialogue that he knows so well how to write and entertained me, for one, so prettily that I couldn't work up the high indignation of some of my colleagues over the fact that, aside from the merry dialogue, there wasn't much of a play on tap. I can fully sympathize with the critical point of view that good dialogue alone does not constitute a play, but good humorous literate dialogue is so rare in the theatre and plays of all sorts are so common that it is sometimes a relief to get the dialogue unburdened by the kind of play that some critics consider a concomitant dramaturgical necessity.

Van Druten's divertissement brings together a number of Anglicized French boulevard characters and permits them amiably to insult and flout one another for a sportive couple of hours. To add any considerable plot or play-body to their verbal antics would doubtless deaden the entire effect, as a substantial side of roast beef with Yorkshire pudding would demolish a cocktail party or as a chaser of cod liver oil would wreck the flavor-ous pleasure of champagne. The drama is too full of plots as it is. Some of the world's finest literature continues to shake a wise and admonishing finger at it. But the public, it appears, thinks otherwise.



BLIND *Alley*, by James Warwick, has enough plot, on the other hand, for a couple of plays, but as it is a frank melodrama this isn't a weakness. The more plot to melodrama the better. Almost all the good melodramas have a main plot, a secondary plot and one or two sub-secondary plots. The more they resemble a three-ring circus the hotter sport they are. Although *Blind Alley* is good melodramatic pastime, it probably would be even better if, to its already opulent plottishness, it added still more. Telling the story of a psychoanalyst, taken prisoner by a desperate gunman, who slowly destroys the mind and confidence of the latter, it follows a single direct track a bit too closely to cajole the rapt attention of the generality of playgoers who do not practice drama criticism for a livelihood. What the critics like about it doubtless impresses the larger part of the public as a flaw. Nevertheless, as I have noted, it should give your nerves their nervous money's worth. The presenting troupe, headed by George Coulouris and Roy Hargrave, is a tasty one, and Worthington Minor's staging is melodramatic tops.

When it comes to staging, Guthrie McClintic, who has performed with Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset*, is no slouch either. Taking a script that reaches up bravely and imaginatively for the edelweiss of poetic dramatic beauty, if forsooth it succeeds most often merely in clutching various lowland dandelions, he has exercised upon it his uncommon directorial and production talents and has contrived to deceive the injudicious into seeing in it virtues that are not always present. What Anderson, ever commendable spirit, doubtless set out to accomplish was a tale of Sacco-Vanzetti revenge seen synchronously through the eyes of the Gorki of *Night Refuge* and the Gluck of *Iphigenia*, with minor variations by Schubert, but what we finally get from him is little more in essence than Maeterlinck and



Samuel Leibowitz after a brief holiday in Russia with Jehudi Menuhin. In some of his lines there is authentic song; in some of his scenes there is the slumbering flame of drama; and in all of his intention there is dignity, and high aim, and courage. But the guts of true poetic drama and of true poetic drama's unified force are not there. The performances of Burgess Meredith and of the Hecht-MacArthur discovery, Margo, a young Mexican actress, are especially creditable.

**S***SQUARING the Circle*, the Katayev comedy that has been running in Russia for several years to the boisterous laughter of tens of thousands of Soviet customers, at last made its local bow at the Lyceum Theatre before an audience composed—so far as one could make out from the affabilities before the curtain went up—wholly of gentlemen named Sam. These Sams, all of whom looked strangely alike, spoke with a Moscow-Bronx accent and were still masticating the remains of their dinner, gave the comedy such a reception as hasn't been equalled since Dewey came back. They roared with glee, applauded, turned around in their chairs and congratulated one another on their reciprocal humorous appreciation, enthusiastically sucked toothpicks, and otherwise comported themselves as if Clarkski and McCulloughvitch, to say nothing of Beatrice Lillieovna and Victor Mooreski, were all up on the stage kicking each other hilariously in the pants.

The reason for all this jocundity was imperceptible to the few Johns, Georges and Raouls in the audience, for all they could see in the exhibit was an 1895 French farce involving two mismatched couples who, instead of hiding in clothes closets or concealing themselves under the bed spread, sat around on chairs and talked endlessly about Soviet ideology, dialectic materialism, workers' solidarity, Karl Marx and Lenin, with intermittent sideswipes at the petty bourgeoisie. Under the circumstances, I think I'll offer at least \$200,000 for the Russian rights to *Moon Over Mulberry Street*. I am tired of working and should like to retire.

**T**HAT there are several merits to George Gershwin's so-called American folk opera, *Porgy and Bess*, is readily to be allowed, but it seems to me that the chief of them is ambition. As to Mr. Gershwin's ambi-

tion there can be no doubt. It is a fine and adventurous thing. But it, like certain other fine and adventurous ambitions in the American theatre, still lacks the sufficiency of soaring wings. (Mr. Anderson's ambition in the direction of poetic drama and Paul Green's and Lynn Riggs' in the direction of folk drama are illustrative cases in point.)

Among Mr. Gershwin's other merits is the ability to confect better than usual popular Puccini-flavored music-show tunes, several samples of which are present in *Porgy and Bess*, e.g., "Bess, You Is My Woman Now" and "I Loves You, Porgy". He is also talented in humorous revue melodies and, with his clever lyric-writing brother Ira, offers a good specimen here in "It Ain't

Necessarily So", with such Cole Porter rhyming trickery as "Jonah was at home in, the great big whale's ab-domin", or something like that. And he indicates on this occasion that in the loftier matter of chorals and in ingenious contrapuntal devices, albeit sometimes paraphrasings which are not unrecognizable, he has a praiseworthy skill. But these qualities, meritorious in their several ways though they are, are not sufficient unto the composition of a folk opera and, as a consequence, *Porgy and Bess* (based upon the Heywards' familiar play) is considerably less a folk opera in any true sense of the term than an indeterminate, wobbly and frequently dull mixture of operetta, musical comedy, and drama-with-music.

(Continued on page 46)



"Now, Boris, wait until after your South American tour; then we'll see about your long pants."



# GOING TO THE MOVIES

WITH

DON HEROLD

(Pictures marked\* not for children)

## Midsummer Night's

**S**HAKESPEARE is, of course, essentially a bore. Now, wait a minute. Give me a vol. of Shakespeare and a hammock, and I get something. I like it (though I'll confess you don't catch me that way oftener than about twice in a lifetime—when I can't find my current *Photoplay*). Give me Shakespeare and actors (who maybe mumble half the words) and I'm bored.

This goes for Warner Bros.' *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Most of the photography is excruciatingly beautiful. The whole picture is surprisingly fine. When, in advance, you scan that line-up of Warner Bros.' low comedians, tough guys and blonde ingenues, you expect queer things when they take on Shakespeare. But, under Max Reinhardt's spell you get something miraculously fine and lovely. You get a lot of pleasant shocks; you get, for instance, Dick Powell reading Shakespeare about as well as anybody you ever heard trying it. You get excellent performances out of Ian Hunter, Grant Mitchell, Frank McHugh, Olivia de Havilland, Jean Muir, James Cagney, Victor Jory and, believe it or not, Joe E. Brown. Eventually, however, you get sleepy. And I blame Shakespeare for this, rather than Warner Bros. Shakespeare is not right for a wide-awake evening in the modern cinema. And the show is damnably long.

Perhaps it might be better if we went to this in a recital or concert mood, rather than in a movie mood. But then I'm afraid we might find fault with what is known as the sound. A sound track is not a symphony orchestra and does not intoxicate as such. The Mendelssohn-Warner music has an inevitable kitchenware quality, especially noticeable during the overture, as you sit there looking at an illuminated blank curtain.

But anybody who can take about two-and-a-half hours of luscious photogra-

phy, thoroughly intelligent direction, and gorgeous production of Shakespeare will have a good time at this *M. N.'s D.* Being Shakespeare, its plot does not gnaw at your vitals, and the humor is entirely of another age. The surprise is, that the thing is so gratifyingly un-Hollywood. In only a few spots does it go picture-postcardy.

## The Last Days of Pompeii

**I**T isn't necessary, these days, to go back in history for rollicking examples of man's inhumanity to man, but if you feel a desire to delve in this direction, the glimpses of Roman slavery and gladiatorial cruelties in *The Last Days of Pompeii* will reward your attention. I sat there thinking: "Well, we have come a long way from THAT—the *Duce* we have!"

There is enough heart interest and plot and historical aura in this strut-and-fret movie to keep you interested until Vesuvius pops, and then the real show begins. Buildings fall, lava flows, thousands of people are buried, thousands jump into the sea, and all that sort of gaiety. Preston Foster is a good-looking, husky hero, blacksmith, gladiator, horsethief and successful Pompeian promoter.

Last time I poked around among the ruins of Pompeii, I thought what a shame it was they had had to dig the place up; they may have had good times in the old town, but their artistic taste was, on the whole, atrocious.

## Metropolitan

**I** SIT and chide myself for reacting rather tepidly to *Mid. Night's Dream* and *Pompeii*,

and wonder if I'm losing my bounce, and then I go hear Lawrence Tibbett in *Metropolitan* and grow gooseflesh of delight at his magnificent singing, and feel myself floating inches off my seat, and then I realize joyfully that I am not slipping—just getting better judgment. Good things still get me *here*, but they have got to be better. A lot of movies are merely better than bridge or fishing or poker, but a film like *Metropolitan* is an *experience*. If I were thoroughly discriminating, I'd give this one and perhaps *She Married Her Boss* green lights in our little Stop and Go corner and hang red flares on all the others this month, but I have to remember that movies are intended primarily to give people someplace to go to forget creditors and the dinner dishes—hence a certain leniency in my color scheming.

In the middle of one of Lawrence Tibbett's songs, I feel that most of our so-called big men are so many water boys. The human animal is about at its top when it is singing like Lawrence Tibbett or dancing like Fred Astaire. It is a little screwy that we should achieve our highest in, you might say, our purely physical achievements, and

(Continued on page 36)



Caricatures by Kapralik



## You Can't Be Fooled On *This* Taste

**W**hiskey men themselves will tell you that among all popular whiskey flavors, one in particular stands out alone.

That one is the real rye taste of Old Overholt, the straight rye whiskey bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision.

Not all prohibition-jaded palates have yet been educated up to the rich, grainy smoothness of this full-bodied rye. But once you have learned it, you can't be fooled. Even with eyes blindfolded, you'd

recognize Old Overholt by your first fragrant whiff.

Today this fine Pennsylvania rye is lowest in price since repeal. Every drop of it is distilled in the same unhastened way, with the same old-fashioned care, first set up as the standard by Abraham Overholt 125 years ago. Every drop is aged in the wood for 4½ years.

Try Old Overholt now and appreciate the delicious taste of real rye. Here is a rare and treasured treat for Christmas cheer, for Christmas gifting, for every time and every occasion.



# OLD OVERHOLT

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

**BOTTLED IN BOND**

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A GOOD GUIDE  
TO PURE WHISKY





## REACTIONARIES ALWAYS LOSE

THERE is something eerie and supernatural about the spectacle of Herbert Hoover smiling at photographers, shaking hands with utter strangers and patting the heads of infants on station platforms. The gentleman was supposed to have been buried in the landslide of 1932 and his resurrection now has a ghostly aspect which is at first extremely disconcerting. Quite obviously it is a new Herbert Hoover—the smiles, the willingness to be interviewed, the frequent public appearances, all constitute a break with the dour individual who hid in the White House in 1930 and sought to avert the depression by incantation seeking to prove that the affair was merely a figment of the imagination.

Whether Mr. Hoover considers himself fit material for the Republican nomination in 1936 is not known and matters little in any event. What is significant is his return. He returns not so much as Herbert Hoover as a symbol of an age and way of thought which was felt to have been permanently superseded.

Dorothy Thompson has said that America possesses many reactionaries but no conservatives and the truth of that becomes apparent the more it is examined. With all the English protestations of individualism, it is obvious that in every case of importance the State comes first with our blood cousins. Whereas, in this country, it is either a case of Business fighting the government or controlling it, in Great Britain the kinship between Business, State and Society is so intimate that there is no hesitancy when the State is threatened—Business yields. The British do no more than they are compelled to do in such things as assisting the unemployed but they do them with their eyes open and with full recognition of the fundamentals in the case.

Our own reactionaries bear about them a touch of insanity. In a recent conversation with a Wall Street banker, a man of ability and supposedly good sense, we learned that:

(a) If the government would keep its hands off business, prosperity would follow immediately.

(Business once did so well for itself that all the banks in the country closed and would be closed now if the government hadn't placed its own credit behind them in the way of guaranteed deposits.)

(b) The way to cure unemployment is to stop giving relief.

(The way to cure hurricanes is to stop issuing weather bulletins.)

(c) Such things as A.A.A., the Guffey Coal Bill, the Wagner Labor Bill must be abolished and industry allowed to function freely.

(With the exception, naturally, of the R.F.C., which furnishes help for industry.)

In short, the reactionaries—whether Democrats or Republicans—are reverting to their old policy of taking all the

benefits and accepting none of the responsibilities. A true conservative accepts responsibilities because he wants to continue receiving the benefits. There is one axiom in history: the reactionaries always lose and when they lose, they lose for keeps. —K. S. C.

Nowadays drug stores carry displays of digestives, headache cures and the like with the sign "Drinking Accessories." After the fact, probably.

Even if nothing else is accomplished, at least 1935 should be remembered as the year the movies altered their standard plots from he-men to G-men.

New York is the city where the people from Oshkosh look at the people from Dubuque in the next theatre seats and say, "Hmph, these New Yorkers don't dress any better than we do."

And Italy's aggressive attitude is a surprising about-face for a country that for all these years has been exporting so many peaceful prizefighters.



Shy  
American

# Fight colds where they start • *in the throat* -with **LISTERINE**



## HONORS

For more than 50 years Listerine has had the commendation of outstanding men in the fields of medicine, bacteriology, and chemistry. In addition, it has won high awards in great Centennial Fairs; has been tested in laboratories of international repute, and today is approved by the famous Good Housekeeping Institute of New York City.



**Safe antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with sore throat and colds**

**D**ON'T go on suffering with heavy colds that undermine your strength. Don't put up with painful sore throats. Go after these conditions in the sensible, scientific way.

### Kills germs in the throat

Listerine attacks the germs associated with colds and sore throat. Almost immediately after gargling it kills literally millions of them in throat and mouth, before they have a chance to enter the body.

Scientific tests in 1930-31, 1931-32 and 1934 have shown this comforting result: that those who gargled with Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than non-garglers.

Moreover, when Listerine users did catch cold, their colds were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

### At the first sign of a cold

Start using Listerine today. As you can see, it is an intelligent precaution against cold infections. If you feel your throat getting sore, or a cold coming on, use Listerine more frequently—every 3 hours is recommended. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

### LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.



**10¢**

**-and see how it relieves Sore Throat**



## Mount Vernon Christmas Punch

Pour 12 ounces grape juice, 3 ounces pineapple juice and 1 pint MOUNT VERNON Straight Rye Whiskey into punch bowl. Add 5 unpeeled oranges and 2 unpeeled lemons sliced small with

1 grapefruit peeled and sliced. Let stand for 3 or 4 hours. Then place a cake of ice in the bowl; add 1 split of soda water — a modern touch that gives sparkle — and serve.

*(This recipe will make 18 to 20 glasses — for smaller quantity, reduce proportionately)*



**H**ERE is a ripe and fruity colonial whiskey punch that has been making holidays merrier ever since George Washington's day. And the best whiskey to make it with is the same fine old mellow rye that was first produced in Washington's own distillery, and so named "*Mount Vernon.*" As rich in flavor

as it is in tradition, this distinguished whiskey adds a touch of soul-warming joviality to any holiday occasion.

## Mount Vernon

*Straight Rye Whiskey - Bottled in Bond*

Under U. S. Government supervision

*A Good Guide*



*to Good Whiskey*

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# LIFE'S GAME DEPARTMENT

DECEMBER

"A Paper to Make You Think."

1935

## ARE YOU SURE?

Take a pencil and check one of the suggested endings for each of the statements below. Your score in the Fifties is Fair . . . Seventies, Good . . . Eighties, Excellent.

1. Most gasoline trucks drag an iron chain behind them in order to:  
make dogs bark as they pass by  
minimize carbon monoxide fumes  
ground electricity from sloshing of gas in tank  
transmit engine ergs into units of heat

2. Englishmen refer to the hood of a motor car as the:  
toddley-oo                      dickey                      tooter  
bonnet                      shawl                      ulster

3. "Cover The Earth" is the slogan of:  
Forstmann's woolens                      Du Pont rayon  
Sherwin-Williams paint                      Anti-Nudist Society  
U. S. Rubber Co.                      Ford Motor Co.

4. The Green Bay Packers may be strange to grandma, but her grandson will tell her they are:  
A. B. A. Bowlers                      semi-pro boxing team  
pro football team                      auto racing team  
champion bacon wrappers of the midwest

5. The word "mantilla" has been fairly treated in only one of these sentences:  
"She won't marry another mantilla depression lifts."  
The picador whipped out his mantilla and lunged.  
"Señorita, you have forgotten your mantilla."  
"Gosh, mom! Roast mantillas for supper?"

6. If you were of a savage, snarling disposition you would be accurately described as:  
indomitable                      indubitable                      truculent  
iconoclastic                      gratulatory                      cursorial

7. You need . . . skill to help win the Wightman cup:  
aquatic                      tennis                      pedantic                      romantic  
shooting                      rowing                      cockroach-killing

8. Persons taking a train for the "Smoky City" are going to:  
Indianapolis                      White Sulphur Springs  
Tampa                      Pittsburgh                      Chicago                      Newark  
Dallas                      Cleveland                      Toledo                      St. Paul

9. One of these statements is obviously false:  
You cannot skate on glass with ice skates.  
Only female mosquitoes, of the common varieties, bite.  
Germany is larger than any state except Texas  
A claustrophobe fears being surrounded by walls.

10. The thing which Poe thought he heard tapping at his door as "Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary" was:

a magazine salesman                      the landlady  
a snark                      a Manx cat                      a raven  
a process server                      Hamlet's ghost

11. One of these words is incorrectly spelled:  
pantomime                      commissioned                      indiscernable  
synthesis                      florescence                      holocaust

12. Persons who invite Bill Robinson to their parties can expect some:  
stirring bass viol playing                      tap dancing  
rabbit-in-hat stuff                      cornet soloing

13. One of the following is a book of the Bible:

Polyandry                      Hexagony                      Cacophony  
Antimony                      Deuteronomy                      Alimony

14. American post offices will not fly flags on one of these days in 1936:  
Memorial Day                      Christmas                      Fourth of July  
Labor Day                      Easter                      Armistice Day

15. One of the following is "Turret-topped":  
Mussolini                      Chevrolet                      Schlitz beer  
Nash                      Chrysler                      Knox hats                      Phoenix hose

16. Proverbially speaking, when you "Marry in haste—" you repent:  
at Reno                      in bed                      in tears  
at leisure                      inevitably                      in hell

17. A sentence here is grammatically correct:  
They charged him of many crimes  
I like to read novels—i.e. those books about great men  
He would have liked to go  
He was found guilty and hung

18. One of these describes the German flag:  
red, yellow and black                      green and gold  
red swastika, yellow background, black circle  
red, white and yellow                      blue, white and black  
red background, white circle, black swastika

19. The face of a coin is termed the:  
mug                      profile                      adverse                      obverse  
obtuse                      tête-bêche                      octave                      tails

20. If you wanted to kill a man, a mutton bone would be a good weapon because it:  
feels so good                      is nice and light  
retains no fingerprints  
makes your victim lie down like a lamb  
will not splinter                      doesn't hurt

21. The President of the American Red Cross just before Hoover was elected was:  
Charles Evans Hughes                      Rear Admiral Sims  
Elihu Root                      Calvin Coolidge                      Vincent Astor

22. Oil is often poured on the water around a vessel during a storm in order to:

keep the crew occupied                      lighten cargo  
calm the passengers                      lubricate seagulls  
keep waves from breaking

23. Collier's is published by:  
McGraw-Hill Pub. Co.                      Curtis Pub. Co.  
Condé Nast, Inc.                      MacFadden Publications  
Crowell Pub. Co.                      Collier's Pub. Co.

24. The word "abdomen" should be pronounced:  
ab-do-MEN                      AB-do-men                      ab-DO-men

25. One of these is not a U. S. Senator:  
Norris                      Nye                      LaFollette                      Harrison  
Glass                      Coolidge                      Pittman                      Dern

26. The University of Alabama's football team is known as the:  
Golden Avalanche                      Red Raiders  
Puissant Panthers                      Crimson Tide  
Bulldogs                      Tigers                      Gophers                      Hoyas

27. The movie version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was produced by:  
Harold Lloyd                      Al Christie                      D. W. Griffith  
Max Reinhardt                      Tullio Carminati  
Howard Hughes                      Carl Laemmle

28. You cannot sell one of these articles in the United States:  
U. S. Steel preferred                      cattle horn polish  
aigrettes                      silicated pinbeads                      Irish cheese  
French potash                      American perlmutter

29. One of these statements is true:  
Sir Malcolm Campbell has never exceeded 300 m. p. h.  
The Olympic winter sports are being held in Austria.  
Mirrors are made by painting clear glass with black paint.  
The Mississippi has two state capitals on its banks.

30. In Army slang a "shavetail" is:  
cook                      barber                      mess room sergeant  
second lieutenant                      mule                      private

31. The last letter of the Greek alphabet is:  
tau                      pi                      beta                      alpha                      psi  
omega                      eta                      xi                      delta                      omicron

32. You would think it quite an ordinary thing if you found Robin Lee doing one of the following this winter:  
swimming at Miami in the A. A. U. senior backstroke.  
leading his orchestra at the Waldorf-Astoria.  
figure skating at Madison Square Garden.  
winning the billiards title at Chicago.

33. If you wanted "Food Shot From Guns" you would buy:  
deer meat                      Post Toasties                      Rice Crispies  
Puffed Rice                      Wheaties                      Crax                      Corn Flakes

(Continued on page 30)

# LIFE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Life presents a new idea in crosswords—two puzzles in one. The smaller puzzle at the upper left may be solved separately but is interlocking with the larger part. Additional small puzzle definitions on page 29.

## HORIZONTAL

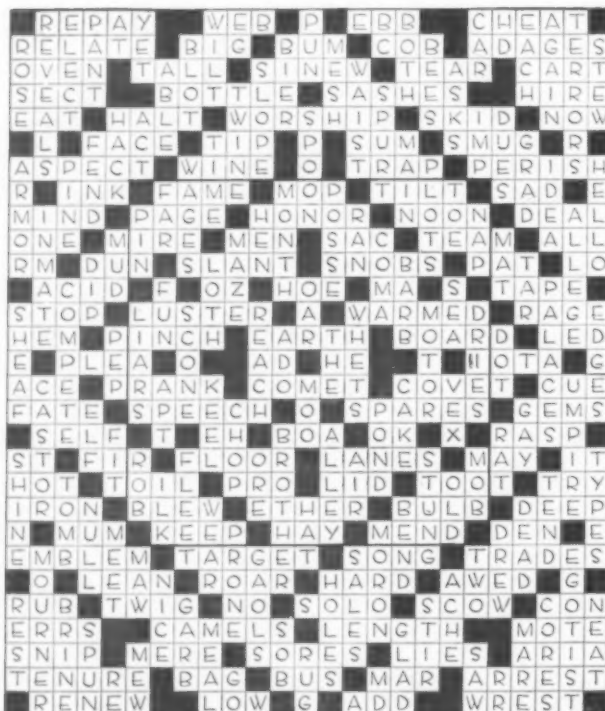
1. Things to eat.
7. A perpetual bender.
13. Any one in a suit.
20. Act of intrusion.
21. Little shining faces.
23. A word of approval.
24. Warmed eggs.
26. Unprepared.
27. A game of war.
29. Space in time.
30. The prime requisite.
31. A matter of choice.
32. This offers no outlet.
33. Lots of goings-on here.
34. Usually found near lettuce.
36. A drinking cup.
38. Relative to man.
39. This makes things even.
40. Pry.
42. A long stretch.
43. A transparent viewpoint.
45. A high flyer.
47. The given facts.
48. Swanky house.
49. The last call.
50. A personal matter.
52. Drunk.
53. A conservative stand.
54. The brightest thing you know.
55. Wear out.
56. An example to follow.
59. Done by halves.
61. A cure for heart trouble.
62. Dry point.
63. A driver.
65. One before zero.

66. Direct address.
68. Point of emphasis.
70. Quiet down.
71. This gets in your hair.
72. Press.
74. Next to skin and bones.
75. Get out.
76. This has four gills.
77. A well-behaved woman.
79. The condemning fact.
82. A slim kind of figure.
84. The little guy.
85. The big idea.
86. Ransack.
87. On the rise.
89. Attends.
90. He's tiresome.
91. A skinny thing.
92. The right touch.
93. Big one-story affairs.
95. A point you'll reach in time.
96. The big give-away.
97. This is true.
98. A current type.
99. This always takes judgment.
100. The correct words for things.
102. To tilt.
103. Long measure.
104. The ultimate in trash.
105. One of the high lights.
106. They all have their points.
107. A family institution.
108. Not quite whole.
109. Permission to pass.
110. There's a kick to it.
112. A particular bent.
113. Kind of burn on the face.
114. A conflicting fact.
115. Once upon a time.

117. Nice way to take it.
118. A stock house.
119. It works up a sweat.
120. It keeps a woman tied up.
122. Closely allied.
124. Chatty when small.
125. Distinction.
126. A boxed dozen.
127. Inside information.
128. Sizeable quantity.
129. It's very attractive.
130. Soft binding.
131. Not so good.
133. Let these be a warning.
135. It's unbelievable.
136. The life of many parties.
137. It follows the last word.
138. You put your foot in it.
139. This grows on you.
140. The disappearing act.
141. This melts easily.
142. Admissible position.
144. A water fall.
146. Colors.
148. A far-seeing individual.
150. This falls with the temperature.
151. Blemish.
152. Where corn comes from.
154. Whirl away.
156. His job is filling in.
158. This is frowned on.
159. The popular thing to do.
161. A repeater.
163. Indignant.
165. A stitch in time.
166. This vote doesn't count.
168. Where Romans found truth.
169. Wide open spaces.
170. This always gets the dirt.
172. One of the stalls.
174. This beam isn't heavy.
175. This has a bite to it.
176. Abbreviated direction.
177. Fraternal badge.
178. It's to the contrary.
180. This lets you by.
182. Generous proportions.
183. Short weight.
185. The track (abbr.).
186. Make arrangement.
187. Where you were.
189. Steal from.
190. This gives you the air.
191. Rough stuff here is sickening.
192. An old arty woman.
193. Figure ahead.
195. A broad view of things.
197. Holds up.
198. Advocate of a quick turn-over.
199. What appears on the surface.
200. Passed on.

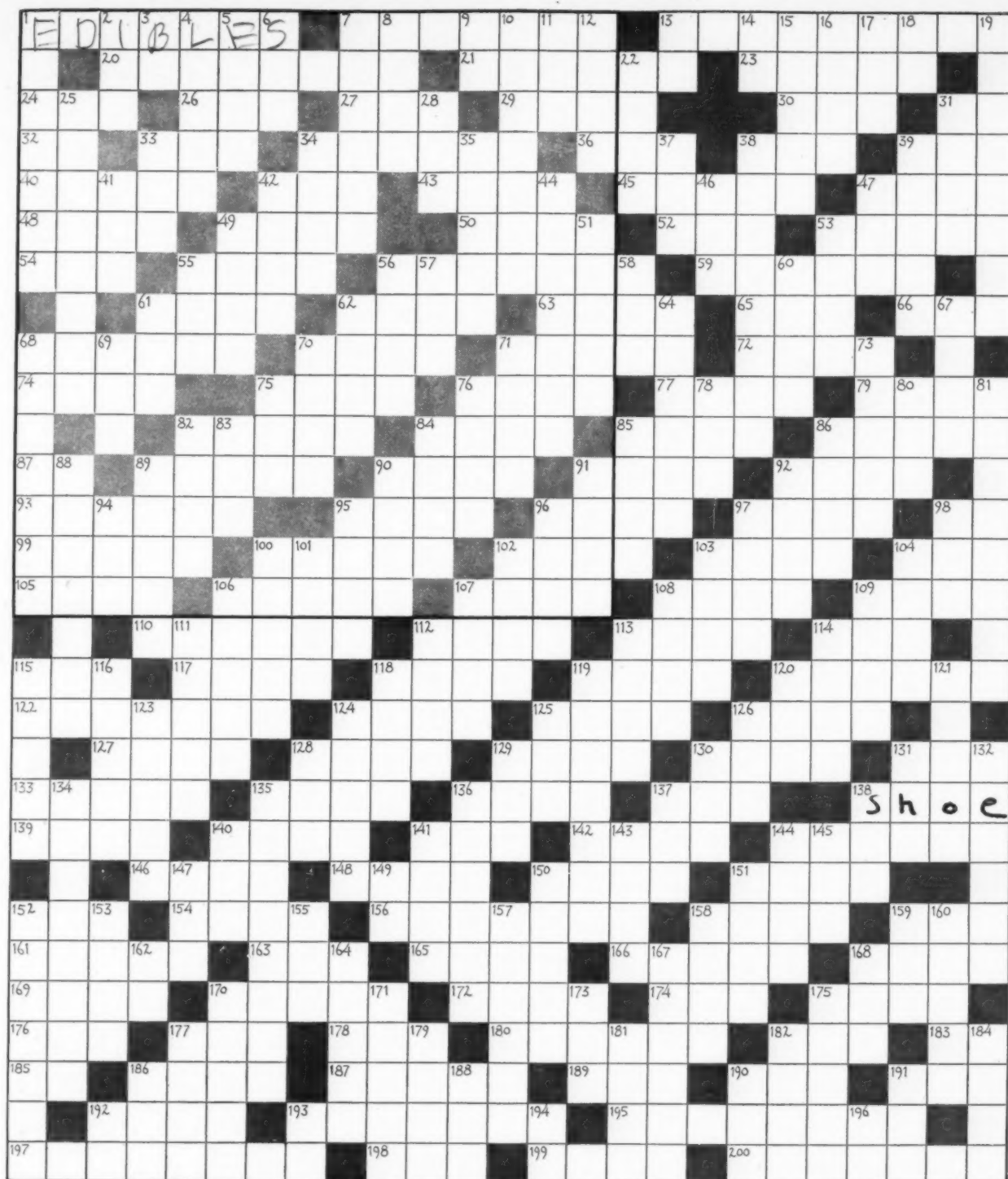
10. This sticks in the army.
11. The one on high.
12. It pulls together.
13. Help minus the letter "o".
14. A call to attention.
15. Feel about.
16. A rural route.
17. A nightly occurrence.
18. A sign of motion.
19. The tale-bearer.
22. This holds good.
25. To give public notice.
28. One of the open spaces.
31. It's taken for the truth.
33. Beat.
34. A measure of cloth.
35. An oral test.
37. It floats through the air.
38. On high.
39. Followers of the king.
41. A possessive action.
42. A growing concern.
44. The grand manner.
46. An unearthly being.
47. Doings in the past.
49. Slight change of position.
51. This comes first.
53. Jingle.
55. A sun shade.
56. Hide out.
57. Prepare for battle.
58. Old horse.
60. In the extreme.
61. Take a chance.
62. The wide middle belt.
64. Mislead.
67. People are devoted to it.
68. Sums.
69. Rough on rats.
70. Men get drunk in these.
71. A buried treasure.
73. Statement of authority.
75. After some time.
76. This is perfectly clear.
78. It's opposed to youth.
80. Every now and then.
81. One of the best sellers.
82. A word to dispense with.
83. This man is agreeable.
84. Goes bad.
85. A handy thing.
86. Speed.
88. A carry-over.
89. Love seat.
90. Preventatives.
91. Stone sharpener.
92. Recital.
94. By the way.
95. It takes two to make it.
96. Coal mine gas.
97. An old smoothie.
98. A piece of glass.
100. Sound principle.
101. The one way.
102. Where the shoe pinches.
103. Fashion.
104. They carry the tune.
106. A large suspender.
107. Recall.
108. Let out.
109. An inconsistent action.
111. Ash collectors.
112. Go step by step.
113. This is not all.
114. Something to say.

## NOVEMBER SOLUTION



## VERTICAL

1. Stands in opposition.
2. Slight huff.
3. This isn't particular.
4. A fighting word.
5. The dish of dishes.
6. A large pork producer.
7. Professional play-boys.
8. A friend to children.
9. Derivative word.



115. Bright.  
116. A buy word.  
118. Check.  
119. They will excuse you.  
120. It moves at the tail-end.  
121. Blank out.  
123. The Indian moon.  
124. Agreeable airs.  
125. A soft coating.  
126. Note down.  
128. Future flower.  
129. It's easy.  
130. Against.  
131. A sign of recognition.  
132. Make fun of.  
134. A dark wood.  
135. A great place for bargains.  
136. Animal.  
137. Small collection of water.

138. Variety of edible dog.  
140. The pay-off.  
141. Pull out.  
143. Dishes from the kitchen.  
144. Not very progressive.  
145. Indian greeting.  
147. An elegant dish.  
149. The head paper boy.  
150. A quick burn.  
151. Usual expression of an ass.  
152. Rocky retreats.  
153. Low down.  
155. An ordering principle.  
157. Something hot.  
158. The kid next door.  
159. It's naturally 'fishy'.  
160. The way to fish.  
162. Nothing personal.  
164. Exclude.

167. Pertaining to a group.  
168. Funny man.  
170. Let this be a warning.  
171. This helps draw the line.  
173. Mistake.  
175. This is conclusive.  
177. A stand.  
179. A sea change.  
181. To be dull.  
182. The plain fact.  
184. Play thing.  
186. Eat lightly.  
188. Act for favor.  
190. Pro.  
191. You tell 'em.  
192. A first copy.  
193. An afterthought.  
194. Teacher's Pet.  
196. Half made.

#### SMALL PUZZLE ONLY

##### Horizontal

21. This is looking forward.  
29. Yes indeed.  
56. The lingo.  
63. It's a starter.  
71. An old boy.  
96. A command to perform.  
102. This offers a possibility.

##### Vertical

88. Where things usually land.  
89. This will make you listen.  
95. This is required.  
96. Hold back.  
100. This just isn't.  
101. Down here.  
102. Small for an organization.



## ARE YOU SURE?

(Continued from page 27)

34. The words "No one else it seems, Ever shares my dreams, And without you dear I don't know what I'd do—" are from the chorus of one of these songs:

Rose Marie Mary Lou Sweet Sue  
Goodnight Sweetheart Pink Lady Mammy

35. An epistle is:

son of an apostle ancient pistol  
a message wire frame for hoop skirt  
food recipe a thorny wayside plant

36. The word "baize" is correctly used once here:

It baize to advertise.  
He ordered baized beef with mushrooms.  
They showed her a lovely baize tablecloth.  
She wore a baize-colored gown.

37. The United States entered the World War in:

March April May June  
July September January August

38. If you were an Andalusian you would be a:

Lithuanian Australian Spaniard  
German Frenchman Moroccan Peruvian

39. If one of a Siamese Twin should start drinking heavily and the other one refrained, the non-drinking one would:

remain sober get religion  
get equally drunk go off in a corner

40. "A Paper To Make You Think" is the slogan of:

Chicago Herald-Examiner Atlantic Monthly

Life's Game Department Chicago Tribune  
New York Mirror Atlanta Constitution

41. Only one of these definitions could be backed up by a dictionary:

A cenotaph can give a painful sting.  
A true pantheist hates his panthers.  
An imbroglio has its complications.  
Osculating persons cannot make up their minds.

42. One of these words is correctly spelled:

propellor Sequoia granddaughter  
pickininnny pavilion proscenium

43. If you were a courtesan you would be a:

banger-on of the Supreme Court  
lady of unfortunate morals  
petty lawyer bailiff

44. A decibel is a:

fraction whose denominator is 10  
chemical retort wanton woman  
measure of sound spoiled cheese

45. If you were forcibly placed in a kiosk you would find yourself in:

an Eskimo boat made of skins  
a queer haircloth shirt from Tibet  
a small pavilion a Jewish prayer rug

46. The reason your feet sink in quicksand and not in regular sand is that:

the atmosphere is denser your feet shrink  
the sand grains are cubic-shaped, not round  
the sand grains are round-shaped, not cubic

47. When you go away for a fortnight you are gone:

21 days three week-ends two weeks  
20 days 10 days one month

48. Webster's says "avoirdupois weight" means:

too much fat in the midriff  
general excess of fatty tissue  
rickety condition of the underpinnings  
system of weighing commodities

49. A large number of persons reach their homes by cable cars in one of these cities:

Sioux City, Ia. Milwaukee, Wisc.  
Dover, Del. Detroit, Mich.  
San Francisco, Cal. Santa Fe, N. M.

50. A "white wing" is:

a Sister of Mercy a midwife  
an immaculate aviator a street cleaner  
a Maine seabird a Red Cross nurse  
(Answers on page 37)

Number of correct answers.....  
Multiply by two for score.....

### SCRAMBLED

#### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

The first one is unscrambled. Can you unmix the others?

1. Lolce
2. Nivilo
3. Mynitpa
4. Racnetli
5. Nobsaso
6. Aponi
7. Otnerc
8. Anboj
9. Rebmoton
10. Poxshaneo
11. Nimdanlo
12. Ruitag
13. Baut
14. Cocanidor
15. Locipoc

Cello

Typani  
clarinet  
bassoon  
piano  
banjo

guitar



### Captains of Industry

Mr. Rand and Mr. McNally find themselves at an uncharted crossroad.

# SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM  
R-J-REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND  
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO



## Camels

Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an *acceptable* gift—such an easy solution of your problem. And Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS** than any other popular brand. They are the accepted cigarette of the social, business, and athletic worlds. And their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being which is the spirit of Christmas itself.

A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in a gay package.



At your nearest dealer's—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.

A full pound of Prince Albert in an attractive gift package.



A full pound of Prince Albert packed in a real glass humidor.

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## Prince Albert

Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the *welcome* gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for *themselves* than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of Prince Albert repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.



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- ... to your relatives and friends
- ... to employees
- ... to everyone who ever dreamed of travel

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L



## SPORTS PARADE

BY PAUL GALlico



### Sound and Fury

THE Amateur Athletic Union of these United States of America will hold its annual meeting at the Hotel Commodore, on the sixth, seventh and eighth of this month, the same being, if you will examine the front cover, December. The meeting will be loaded for bear. The politicians of the athletic world will arrive from all over the nation, their blunderbusses stuffed with oratory and forensic to be discharged at the slightest provocation. The only trouble is, there won't be any bear. That is, the only trouble as far as effect and results go. The speeches will be fired anyway just for the sake of the sound and the fury.

The occasion for the excitement is the question of American participation in the Olympic Games of 1936, at Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Berlin; an Olympic Games staged, controlled and operated by a sports committee appointed by and directly responsible to the Nazi government.

The usually pleasant and *gemütlicher* Hans has had a throwback to the mid-

dle ages when anyone in a fit of petulance could chase *Shadrach* or *Salomon* down the street, or shy rocks through his windows without anyone calling him for it. He has been doing this off and on for the past eight centuries and he gets over it. The idea was recently put into his head as a political expedient and it just so happened that his turn to run the Olympic Games should come at the end of a considerable *Judenhetz*.

The local A. A. U., that is to say, the American Amateur Athletic Union, is a self-appointed body, highly political in organization and operation and made up of men belonging to many races, creeds and sects. It is seeing fit to meddle, in the name of sport, in something which seems to be strictly Germany's business. Your American politician, be he big or small time, isn't happy unless he is meddling. The chief concern of the A. A. U. party agitating for withdrawal of America from the Olympic Games is to obtain justice for the German Jew which seems to be a tall order, or a new high in futile meddling. Neither Jews nor Negroes are barred from the American team or any other team except Germany's, and the make-up of the German team would seem to be their own





business. The truth of the matter is that the agitation on this side of the water is nothing but political attention-calling. There are very few Jewish athletes either here or in Germany of Olympic calibre. We haven't had more than three in this country in the last ten or fifteen years.

Actually, there is little the A. A. U. can do at its forthcoming meeting, for or against, but to make speeches and sound the bazoo. The decision lies in the hands of the U. S. Olympic Committee, which has pledged itself to participation in the games at Garmisch and Berlin. The A. A. U. may draft a resolution requesting the Olympic Committee to withdraw and the Olympic Committee may fire it into the first convenient wastebasket. The only weapon in the hands of the A. A. U. is to refuse to certify American athletes for competition abroad, and, if it does that, the Union will blow up with a loud bang, because under its own rules, if an athlete is properly eligible and registered, they must certify him. The Olympic Committee could be called upon to certify in place of the A. A. U., and the Foreign Olympic Committee would accept them.

There will be sound and fury, and waving of arms and calling of names at the meeting, with every man playing his own special game, and blowing the tune that will sound the sweetest to his constituents. In the meantime, the various sports committees are going right ahead with their plans to organize, train and take their teams abroad.

#### Great Bore

THEY have finally fixed the football rules so that college football is becoming almost as great a bore as prizefighting, and great football games on a Saturday-afternoon are exceptions rather than the rule. The elements of luck and the unexpected have been eliminated entirely from the games with the dead ball and the fumble rules, and a team with a good kicker can, if it is so inclined, stall the rest of the afternoon after scoring an early touchdown.

It is the only game in the world where, during its playing, a loud-speaker system is employed every moment to inform the sixty- or seventy-odd thousand spectators as to what is happening. It has become so complicated that often after a play has occurred and a touchdown scored, a jury of officials must decide whether every one of twenty-two men was obeying every one of several hundred rules



*Preferences differ as to*  
**TASTE...all agree as**  
*to* **MODERATION**



*If* you would get true enjoyment from the liquor you drink . . . be moderate . . . be moderate and insist on quality.

For more than a quarter of a century . . . I have studied the distillation of legal liquors as to their taste . . . their bouquet . . . their quality. Thus, as a distiller, I take great pride in the perfection of the production of the James Clark Distilling Corporation. With us this is a traditional art where quality precedes everything else and substitutes can find no place.

For example, the liquors mentioned here, taken from our complete collection, are all products of this rich and mature distilling experience.

**OVERLAND** Straight Whiskey is an exceptional, genuine Kentucky Bourbon. 95 Proof.

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**JOHN L.** Straight Bourbon Whiskey is our volume favorite because of its popular wholesome appeal. 90 Proof.

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Don't forget to bring home  
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**CINZANO**

FRENCH VERMOUTH

and we are nearly out of

**CINZANO**

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You know the  
Roberts are coming for  
dinner and he's awfully  
particular about cocktails.



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at the moment it happened, and whether it really happened at all. The game has become so difficult that the sportswriters might just as well stay at home and cover it from the radio descriptions, because that is exactly what they do in the press box. An announcer familiar with the men of both teams tells them who did what and who tackled whom.

When they want to see and enjoy football nowadays, the boys and girls, and the sportswriters, too, attend the professional games on Sunday and see a clean, hard, easily understood contest in which the ball is not dead until the man carrying it can carry it no further; in which goal posts are where they belong, on the goal line; and in which a loose ball is anybody's thrilling and dramatic property to pick up and take places. The best thing at a college football game today is the band.

#### Other Cities, Other Customs

THE judging and running of prizefights in the enlightened city of Detroit are a joy to behold. There are no judges, but only a referee. When the fight is over, the bell rings, and, without an instant's hesitation, the referee raises the arm of the young man he thinks has won the fight, climbs down out of the ring, and that is that. No delays, no trick votes, or maneuvering. Just up goes one or the other hand, or both, and it's over. In Chicago they play rollicking music on a huge pipe organ in the one-minute rest period between rounds. I have never been able to fathom the idea of this. The bell

rings, the fighters retire exhausted and bleeding to their corners to be nursed, doctored and refreshed, and the organ begins to bellow *On Wisconsin*, or snatches of popular songs, or *Cheer for Old Notre Dame*. It must be most distressing to the prizefighters who can hardly be in the mood for music.

#### Strange Sight

ONE night in Detroit, I saw three white women fighting desperately with a policeman and an usher, calling them names, and tearing at their clothing. They wanted, it seems, to get close to Joe Louis to request him for his autograph.

(Other notes on pages 2 and 42)

+

#### NOT FOR PUBLICATION?

LOVELY—The best things may be free but how do you get them.—Lou.

From "Public Notices" in the New York Herald Tribune.

LOVELY, won't you answer Lou? Tell him, pretty maiden, do. Tell me how to get them too.

We are eager for the light.  
Tell us, Lovely, tell us right.  
Help us in our current plight.

Tell us, first, what are the best  
Things. What is the acid test  
That divides them from the rest?

Are they eyes, or love, or sun,  
Peace of mind, or good clean fun,  
Or hope of getting something done?

—MARGARET FISHBACK



"It's more  
sporting,  
somehow, don't  
you think?"

## FACULTY MINDS



"If you're coming to college only for book-learning, you're foolish. A good encyclopedia will cost

you one-sixth as much and will contain 600 times more than you'll ever learn."

—Prof. John Erskine, English, Columbia Univ.

"There are a few good economists in the country besides myself."—Prof. Walter J. O'Connor, Economics, Georgetown Univ.

"The rudder helps in guiding the boat."—Prof. W. J. Himmel, Botany, Univ. of Neb.

"Fathers send their sons to college either because they went to college or because they didn't."—Dean L. L. Hendren, Univ. of Ga.

"If the college professors ever stopped buying the dime detective stories, the publishers would go out of business and into bankruptcy."—Prof. Watt, N. Y. Univ.

"I'd advise none of you to quote me in LIFE—unless an F won't lessen the value of the two dollars you'll get."—Prof. Geo. B. Lawson, Philosophy, Bucknell Univ.

"I heartily approve of picnics, but they must be properly chaperoned because of those few couples who insist upon going off by themselves."—Dean Susan Guild, Washburn College, Topeka, Kan.

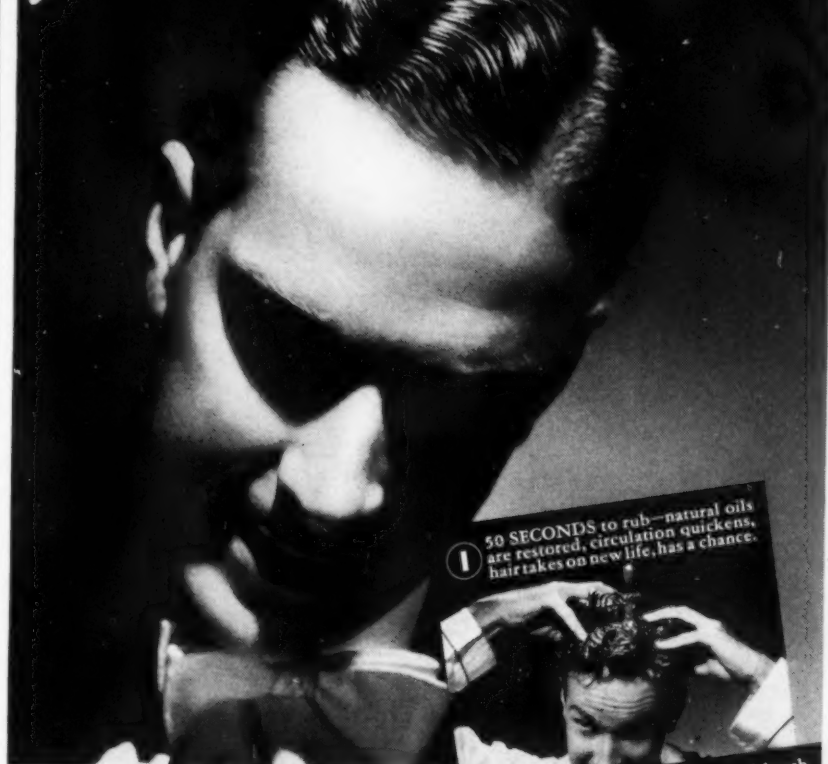
"A jury is a group of twelve people of average ignorance."—Prof. Spencer, Business, Univ. of Chicago.

"When a boy kisses a girl and she returns the kiss, that's even. When a boy kisses a girl and she doesn't return the kiss, that's odd."—Prof. John Bowyer, English, Southern Methodist Univ.

"The best fight I ever fought was one in which I never said a word—and that was with a woman."—Prof. Wikel, History, Purdue Univ.

[Undergraduates are invited to contribute to this department. Two dollars will be paid for each acceptable item. Address Faculty Minds, care of LIFE.]

for Healthy, Handsome HAIR...



Use  
**VITALIS**

and the famous

"60-SECOND WORKOUT"

**YOU'RE** one man in a million if your hair *doesn't* need help. Every head of hair needs attention and care! And that's why Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" wins its way—pays its way—from the first workout. It gives you healthy and handsome hair because it speeds up the circulation around the hair roots—stimulates hair-health at its source.

Tight, dry scalps relax and loosen under the "60-Second Workout." Vitalis with massage restores the flow of natural, nourishing oils. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair looks healthy because it *is*

1 50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, hair takes on new life, has a chance.

2 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

healthy. It stays in place. It has a good-looking lustre to it—but *not* a "patent-leather" shine.

Use the "60-Second Workout" freely, whenever you like. In addition, here's a good hunch: Use Vitalis and a quick, vigorous massage *before* your shampoo—as well as afterward—and you'll have hair that cannot be topped for perfect cleanliness, good looks and good health.

**ASK YOUR BARBER—**

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.



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## THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 22)

our lowest (take some recent escapades of our statesmen, for example) when we attempt to be mental, social and spiritual.

*Metropolitan* is just another darned story about an opera star, but it gives Mr. Tibbett a chance to sing a lot of old favorites, and baby!

It manages, incidentally, to have a lot more of a sense of humor than most movies about musical critters.

### Barbary Coast

**I** THOUGHT *Barbary Coast* was going to be a flaming panorama of the old red-light district in San Francisco, but it turns out to be just one more gold-rush, gambling-hall picture, with mud in the streets and with Edward Robinson smoking his cigar and ordering murders right and left with his usual sinister charm. Miriam Hopkins makes good photographing with her own brand of un-beautiful beauty. Men stake all their gold on a fixed roulette wheel which she operates for Mr. Robinson. Joel McCrea comes along at last and awakens real love in her bad heart for the first time. No great thought or work expended by anybody except the photographers. Just a picture to sell, like buttons or thread.

Two or three supes almost steal the film. There is Walter Brennan who is the darlinest, old, bewhiskered, tobacco-spitting rascal you ever saw. And Brian Donlevy, a top leading man around Broadway, practically carries a spear for Mr. Robinson, but puts distinction into even this small chore. He has looks and mien and ability to do

head man rôles out there if they will let him. And old timer Harry Carey is good as the leader of the Vigilantes.

This is one of those pictures in which hats are removed when anybody dies with his boots on.

### She Married Her Boss

**S**HE MARRIED HER BOSS was not produced by the Los Angeles Rubber Stamp Company. Whoever wrote the lines (Sidney Buchman) wrote them out of his head instead of out of other movies. The situation may be a little rubber-stampy, but the lines are fresh enough to make you forget the rather familiar framework. Claudette Colbert, an efficient secretary, loves her boss and marries into his disorganized family—and organizes it. (Melvyn Douglas is the boss.) I think the secretary had a yen for a life of loafing—which is sometimes the case when a woman with a job wants to quit and "make a home" for some man. And the real moral argument of the picture seems to be that a snootful of liquor will often improve your perspective—don't look at me.

### The Vodka Boatmen

**A** NEW zero in entertainment was reached this past month in Warner Bros.' vulgar, inane short, *The Vodka Boatmen*. Five feet would have been too long for this short. A firm which produces anything as rotten as this and which produces a thing as fine as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* evidently simply doesn't know what is going on under its own roof.

(For other comments see "Stop & Go" Service, on page 2)



"Who's good at noodles?"

## ARE YOU SURE?

(Questions on pages 27 and 30)

1. Ground electricity—.
2. Bonnet (and gas is petrol).
3. Sherwin-Williams paint.
4. Pro football team (Green Bay, Wis.).
5. "Señorita, you have forgotten—"
6. Truculent.
7. Tennis.
8. Pittsburgh.
9. You cannot skate—(one does not skate on ice but upon a thin film of water melted from the ice by the pressure of the skates).
10. A raven.
11. Indiscernable (indiscernible is correct).
12. Tap dancing.
13. Deuteronomy.
14. Easter Sunday.
15. Chevrolet (body by Fisher).
16. At leisure.
17. He would have liked to go.
18. Red background, white circle, black swastika.
19. Obverse.
20. Retains no fingerprints.
21. Calvin Coolidge. (The President of the U. S. automatically becomes President of the Red Cross.)
22. Keep waves from breaking.
23. Crowell Publishing Company.
24. Ab-DO-men.
25. Dern (Secretary of War).
26. Crimson Tide.
27. Max Reinhardt.
28. Aigrettes.
29. The Mississippi has two state capitals (Baton Rouge and St. Paul).
30. Second lieutenant.
31. Omega (from alpha to omega).
32. Figure skating—.
33. Puffed Rice.
34. Sweet Sue.
35. A message.
36. They showed her a lovely baize—.
37. April 6, 1917.
38. Spaniard.
39. Remain sober (the experiment was tried with the original twins; only a thin band of liver tissue extended through the band which joined them).
40. Life's Game Department.
41. An imbroglio has its complications.
42. Proscenium.
43. A lady of unfortunate morals.
44. Measure of sound.
45. A small pavilion.
46. The sand grains are round-shaped.
47. Two weeks.
48. System of weighing commodities.
49. San Francisco, Calif.
50. A street cleaner.

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## CONTENTS NOTED

BY KYLE CRICHTON

### The Annual Round-up



**B**EST Novel of the Year—*Europa*, by Robert Briffault.

Worst Book of the Year: *Leaders, Dreamers and Re-*

*bels*, by Rene Füllop-Miller.

Best Autobiography: *Personal History*, by Vincent Sheean.

Worst Broadcasting: Edwin C. Hill, for his nonsense at the Baer-Louis fight. Between the 3rd and 4th rounds, when the whole world wanted to know if Baer was dead or alive, Hill was cataloging the celebrities at the ringside.

Best Interpretative Reporting: Frederick T. Birchall in the N. Y. Times, particularly *Europe Dividing into Two Camps*, in the Oct. 1st issue.

Best Reporting: *Who Murdered the Vets*, by Ernest Hemingway in the *New Masses*.

Worst Magazine Article: *What the Communists are Doing to our College Girls*, by J. B. Shaw in *Liberty*.

Best Play: *Waiting for Lefty*, by Clifford Odets.

Most Readable Novel: *Butterfield 8*, by John O'Hara.

Probable Pulitzer Prize Winners: *Vein of Iron*, by Ellen Glasgow, or *Honey in the Horn*, by H. L. Davis. Not my choices but because I think I

know the minds of the judges. Keep this for a check-up.

Worst Play: *If This Be Treason*, by Dr. John Haynes Holmes and Reginald Lawrence, because its solution of having the American president go to Japan to talk the Japanese people out of war was so nonsensical as to mock the efforts of peace-lovers.

Night-Noisiest Small Town in America: High Bridge, N. J., on a Saturday night.

Best Non-Fiction: *Sawdust Caesar—the Life of Mussolini*, by George Seldes.

Biggest Comeback of the Year: Sinclair Lewis with his *It Can't Happen Here*.

Best Book-reviewing: John Chamberlain in the N. Y. Times.

Worst Book-reviewing: Herschell Brickell in the N. Y. Evening Post.

Most Ponderous Inanities: James C. Grey in the N. Y. Sun.

Best Proletarian Novel: *A Sign for Cain*, by Grace Lumkin.

Worst Sports Writing: George Trevor's horrible stories of football dressing room heroes in the N. Y. Sun.

Best History: *John Jay*, by Frank Monaghan.

Funniest Book: *Thunder over the Bronx*, by Arthur Kober.

Best Adventure: *Voyage of the*





*Cbelyuskin*, by Members of the Crew.

**T**HINGS are looking up in the book reviewing industry. After a lapse of several years, I have been insulted twice in the past month and am stirred by hope for the future. The constant reader will recall a remark made recently in these pages to the effect that Mr. Burton Rascoe's knowledge of economics and politics could be, considered in all its totality, wadded into minute compass and deposited in Mr. Rascoe's eye. Mr. Rascoe has now retorted in his book column in *Esquire* that he knows more about economics and politics than I shall know if I study zealously until the age of 55. He includes Mr. Clifton Fadiman of *The New Yorker* with me in his regard for our ignorance and thereby does me great honor, Mr. Fadiman being what is known as a quick study. If I can keep up with Mr. Fadiman until 55, I shall learn a great deal, whether I know as much as Mr. Rascoe knows at the moment or not. While we are learning, it is understood that Mr. Rascoe will be taking a corresponding course in un-learning by which he will endeavor to outgrow the critical exuberance which led him to believe

that James Branch Cabell was a genius, that Thornton Wilder was a genius, that Louis Bromfield was a genius and that one Rascoe is worth a dozen Karl Marxes, John Stuart Mills and Walter B. Pitkins. In no event, however, do we wish Mr. Rascoe to cease being Mr. Rascoe. He is a man who thinks that books are exciting and acts accordingly. We prefer Burton Rascoe alive and wrong to eight other guys right and dead. As for Mr. Rascoe's knowledge of economics and politics, Mr. Rascoe knows nothing about economics or politics whatsoever.

**A**MONG the books I have enjoyed lately are *Three Flights Up*, by Helen Woodward (Dodd-Mead), Isidor Schneider's *From the Kingdom of Necessity* (Putnam), Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here* (Doubleday), George Britt's *Forty Years-Forty Millions* (Farrar & Rinehart) and George Seldes's *Sawdust Caesar—the Life of Mussolini* (Harper's). Helen Woodward has written a fine warming story of her life as a child in New York, Arkansas and Boston. Years ago I read in manuscript the episode of the family missing the train in St. Louis and I haven't forgotten it

and probably never will forget it. The book is a mixture of tragedy and humor and utterly real and genuine. I have been deeply affected by it.

Isidor Schneider covers part of the same ground in his novel but it is the story of a boy, a poet, who finds that life in our present state has little to offer a poet. It is essentially a book of struggle but there are some of the funniest scenes of the year in the boy's experiences in the advertising business. One was a great roar for me. The boy applies for a job re-writing the captions for news-photos. You'll have to do them good, says the boss; lots of big words and nice grammar.

"I promised grammar," says the author.

The man Lewis from Vermont has been thinking about the possibility of dictatorship for America. His wife, Dorothy Thompson, knows a lot about dictatorships from having been asked to leave one of them. He understands—what all of us might as well begin realizing—that the United States has a background of violence comparable with the most unsettled countries of the earth. We have had and still have our Vigilantes, supported by the press

(Continued on page 47)

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## QUEERESPONDENCE



IN answer to many queries, nobody in this department knows how Addis Ababa should be pronounced. We just call it Haile's Hideout. However, the current scuffle, referred to in the papers as The War, has been occupying our attention of late and we've read so much about Addis Ababa, Adowa, Adagamus, Aksum, Adigrat and Asmara, that we feel we know Ethiopia from A on—but mostly A.

A couple of issues ago we admitted being stumped by a question (Mr. R. Y. Black's "How would chairs and benches be made if our knees worked the other way?") and two queerrespondents immediately rushed to our assistance. One, Mr. Tommy Lynn of Bell Buckle, Tenn., wrote: "You would perhaps be interested in knowing that Mr. Robert Guthrie, who lives near here, has knees which work the other way, and his backyard is littered with all sorts of queer looking furniture which he has made in a vain attempt to secure a comfortable chair. After twenty-five years of experiment Guthrie has decided that the only solution is to lie instead of sit. As he points out, this not only enables him to have breakfast in bed, but lunch and dinner as well."

And Mr. W. P. Winter of Hartford, Conn., wrote that, being a cabinet maker of sorts, he thought considerably about the question and came to the conclusion that we wouldn't need any chairs—we'd be sitting in our own laps.

So, the question is answered. Not to any one's satisfaction, of course, but what can you expect of a department like this? (Especially when I have to work with a couple of dumb cluck assistants. Just to give you an idea, assistant No. 1 thinks a pharmacist works on a pharm, and assistant No. 2 says he had to pay \$16 for a down quilt the other day despite a store sign which distinctly stated that no down payment was required. "What?" I asked him. "No down payment," he said. "Think it over." I did, but you needn't.)

While rummaging around in the magpie nest called my desk this morning I ran across a couple of queries suitable for Christmas, so I'll get going.

Dorothy R. Gattman of Hollywood, Cal., wants to know if any one ever unpacked a set of last year's tree lights and found them in working order.

First, let me tell you what this department knows about tree lights. (1) There are eight lights in the average circuit. This is known as a short circuit. (2) The average life of a tree light is four minutes, twenty seconds, without jiggling. (3) The conscientious decorator spends all of Christmas day keeping them, and himself, lit. (4) On December 26, the lights blow out for the eight hundredth time and the decorator says "The hell with them." (5) On New Year's Eve, when the tree topples over and crashes to the floor, the lights begin to work again, and do not go out until stepped on three minutes later. (6) On January 2, the snarled, tangled remains are packed away in a shoe box and thrown into a closet.

Now—what was the question again?

FROM Los Angeles, Miss Marie Louise Wenig writes to ask if any one ever got up from a Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner without exclaiming either "I'm stuffed!" or "I've eaten enough for a week!"

In answer, there is only one man who ever refused to admit either fact, but his case was extraordinary, as you shall see. This unknown (because we've lost most of the data on the case) epicure was a cross between Henry the Eighth and Diamond Jim Brady, and he ate so much throughout the year that Thanksgiving dinner was nothing unusual for him, consisting merely of a roast pig, a stuffed turkey, six vegetables, and, as a *pièce de résistance* (French for "piece of resistance"), a baked ham. Despite this he continually maintained that he had an appetite like a bird. An ostrich, his friends said.

(I wish I had the facts on the case of the Texas taxidermist who stuffed himself by mistake one Christmas, but I haven't so we'll let it go.)

"Is there any case on record," writes W. Thos. Reeves of Lake Junaluska, N. C., "where a football star, reported seriously injured in a game, failed to be ready for action the following Saturday?"

In most cases, as you know, Mr. Reeves, this "seriously injured" report is used as propaganda to throw the opposing team off its guard, but I do know of one case where the whole trick went

(Continued on page 44)



## CHEERESPONDENCE

A READER in Los Angeles is pretty sore. "Why is it," he writes, "that, whenever I show someone an interesting picture or item in a magazine I am trying to read, the showee always reads the entire magazine before handing it back to me? This usually takes an hour or more, by which time I am primed for a little mayhem."

We know how you feel, Irate Reader, but there are several methods of overcoming this annoyance. Method No. 1 is to wit:

(1) Cut the picture or item out of the magazine and paste it in a perfectly blank dummy book, obtainable at any first-class blank dummy book shop. This will baffle the reader no end and you can go right ahead with your own reading. Method No. 2 is:

(2) Remove the binding staples from the magazine so that if your alleged friend tries to turn more than one page the entire book will fall to pieces in his hands. This will do your heart good and you won't be getting up surly in the morning. Method No. 3 (the simplest and most satisfactory of all) is as below:

(3) Take the blank the printer has slipped between the pages of this copy (the blank you tore out or pushed aside in order to read this) and write, on the lines provided therefor, the name and address of the relative or friend who borrows your copy of LIFE to look at one picture and settles down to read the whole book while you stand impatiently, first on his left foot and then on his right. (If the blank we spoke of is missing by now, you can use the coupon southeast of here.)

+

We're sorry if we fooled you into thinking this was the Queerespondence department, but really now, isn't a gift subscription to LIFE the right answer to the question—especially the Christmas gift question? For certain very reasonable sums (see next column) we shall be glad to take care of this problem for you and will even send the donee a gift card, timed for Christmas.

And—if you are a subscriber, *be sure to include your own renewal*. You'll save at least fifty cents by including it in the gift order. Do your Christmas shopping early! Obey that impulse now! The special Holiday Rates will be in force only during the pre-Christmas period. Use the blank, or the coupon at the right (after you've read the "Stop & Go" items on the next page).



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# "STOP & GO"

(Continued from page 2)

them the Boilermakers. Ha! The old vengeance motif at South Bend. . . . U. S. C. comes east to play **Notre Dame**. Always one of the great games of the year. . . . The Movie Stars' Delight—**Stanford vs. California**. Everybody in Hollywood goes. . . . What a day for football. Not even being the Dionne Quintuplets would help. There's also **Washington-Oregon** and **Northwestern-Iowa**.

**Princeton-Dartmouth**—everybody's second best girl will be there, all the No. 1 girls attending **Harvard-Yale**. . . .

**Brown vs. Columbia**. So-so game. . . . **Southern Methodist-Baylor** for the Southwest, and **Georgia-Alabama Poly** is the secondary Southern game.

**Vermont** at West Point. Sparring partner to get **Army** ready for Navy.

November 28

**Penn-Cornell** at Franklin Field. Annual Thanksgiving Day massacre and a great football spree. Even worth eating turkey in a Philadelphia hotel. . . . Also on the Coast, **Washington State vs. St. Mary's**. They don't play THAT one wearing mittens.

November 30

The big day of the football season—**Army vs. Navy** at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, neutral meeting ground for the greatest sports show of all. Parades, bands, 90,000 people, handsome youngsters in uniform—and not very good football as a rule because it means so much to them, the kids tighten up. . . . **Yale vs. Princeton**, the same day. Probably be a better football game though not the spectacle. Also **Dartmouth-Columbia**, an old rivalry; **Southern Methodist vs. Texas Christian**, a fine Southwest game; **Georgia vs. Georgia Tech** for gore. **Nebraska-Oregon State**. **U. C. L. A.** plays **Idaho**, and the big Southern game is **Tulane vs. Louisiana State** over which will hover the shade of the late H. Long who went to Tulane, learned to hate it and built up the Louisiana State as an antidote.

December 7

**University of Southern California vs. Washington**.

December 14

**U. C. L. A.**, which stands for the Los Angeles branch of the University of California, vs. **St. Mary's**. This one may decide who will represent California in the Rose Bowl. **University of Southern California vs. Pittsburgh**, on the coast.

Other Sports

**Hockey**, all through November and December except for the week of the Six-Day Bike Race, Madison Square Garden, New York; and at the Chicago Stadium, Chicago; Olympia Stadium, Detroit; Motor Gardens, Pittsburgh; Boston Arena, Boston; and other cities on the Major League Circuits—on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays in the evening. The green light is for the good games, the yellow for the occasional lemons. Hockey can be a great bore if you don't pick your games. Find out which teams have grudges against one another, and go.

**Six-Day Bicycle Racing**, December 1 to Dec. 7, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Strictly squirrely, but it's the one place that doesn't close up at three o'clock in the

morning. You NEVER have to go home. You can't make head or tail of it, because it hasn't any, so don't try.

**Basketball**, December 18, Madison Square Garden, New York, and your home town, too. Start of the Inter-collegiate season. One of the most exciting spectator sports in the world.

## BOOKS

Kyle Crichton

**A Sign for Cain**, by Grace Lumkin (*Lee Furman*). The tragedy of the South, white and negro, depicted in a powerful novel which will tear you wide apart.

**Forty Years - Forty Millions**, by George Britt (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The greatest biographer couldn't make a great book out of such material as Frank Munsey, the subject of this one. One of the supreme fakes of American history. Mr. Britt has done amazingly well considering what he had to work with.

**From the Kingdom of Necessity**, by Isidor Schneider (*Putnam*). Youth in New York, with all the heart-breaks known by a poetic nature, as well as some of the funniest passages of the year.

**It Can't Happen Here**, by Sinclair Lewis (*Doubleday*). When Fascism comes to America. Lewis in his old swashbuckling style, stirred by a problem which should be stirring us all.

**Our Enemy, the State**, by Albert Jay Nock (*Morrow*). Like Lippmann, Mr. Nock writes beautifully and with as little understanding as a man could have who otherwise appears literate.

**Sawdust Caesar, the Life of Mussolini**, by George Seldes (*Harper's*). The book which couldn't find an American publisher for years and which was deprived of British publication by the action of the British Foreign Office. The last word on the pompous gentleman.

**The Run for Your Money**, by E. Jerome Ellison and Frank W. Brock (*Dodge*). How you get gypped by the non-violent racketeers in furniture, automobiles, insurance, real estate, diamonds and so on. Had its foundation in this magazine's "Some of the People" department and will save you money.

**Seven Pillars of Wisdom**, by T. E. Lawrence (*Doubleday*). In reality the tragedy of Lawrence, who promised the Arabs that the English would look after them in return for their support against the Turks. Of course, they double-crossed both Lawrence and the Arabs. Great adventure, with the truth between the lines for anyone who cares to read.

**The New Imperative**, by Walter Lippmann (*Macmillan*). High class nonsense by a public commentator who writes so beautifully it is impossible to tell where literature ceases and thought begins. To be on the safe side, take my word that thought never begins.

**Three Flights Up**, by Helen Woodward (*Dodd-Mead*). Life among the poor and as fine, warming, genuine a book as I have met in years.

**Voyage of the Chelyuskin**, by Members of the Crew (*Macmillan*). The amazing adventures of the Soviet crew which was rescued when the

Chelyuskin sank in the Arctic. The publishers call it an epic. For once, check.

## Murder & Mystery

**The Norwich Victims**, by Francis Beeding (*Harper's*). **The Fair Devil**, by Edwin Greenwood (*Doubleday Doran*). **The Corpse with the Sunburned Face**, by C. St. John Sprigg (*Crime Club*). **The Garden Murder Case**, by S. S. Van Dine (*Scribner's*). **The Sullen Sky Mystery**, by H. C. Bailey (*Crime Club*).

**Enter Craig Kennedy**, by Arthur B. Reeve (*Macaulay*). **Murder by the Dozen**, by assorted authors (*Dinzwall-Rock*). **Perjured Alibi**, by W. S. Masterman (*Dutton*).

## RECORDS

**Brand New Suit, I'm in the Mood for Love, Lucky Star, and La Cucaracha**. Louis "Dipper-Mouth" Armstrong is back on wax to prove beyond doubt that he is still the true King of Swing. Thanks, *Decca*, for the most exhilarating record event of the year. He has dozens of imitators but there's only one Louis.

**Boots and Saddles and Treasure Island (Victor)**. Here is an excellent example of a fine outfit wasting its talents on mediocre material. Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra is capable of a great deal more than they put into these two.

**Tiger Rag and The Whisper Song (Brunswick)**. A honey of a platter by Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra. Most bands go buckeye to the nth degree on these two but Ozzie has done them with a gratifying sincerity and verve.

**Red Sails and Madonna Mia (Decca)**. Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians still using that same old tired arrangement. Will probably sell in the billions.

**Day Dreams and Thanks a Million**. Lanny Ross comes before us not only as a singer but also as a composer. Nice straightforward stuff. (*Brunswick*).

**Rudy Vallée Medley (Victor)**. Two sides of a 12-inch record presenting Rudy in *concerto de voce*. Snatches of songs that made him famous or vice versa. Comes at a bad time for this dept. I had just about succeeded in blotting **Betty Co-Ed, Kansas City Kitty**, and **The Maine Stein Song** from my memory.

**Loafin' Time and Woe Is Me (Victor)**. "Fats" Waller seldom fails to ring the bell with me and I want to apologize for the bad snap-judgment that made me hang a yellow light on **Thief in the Night** and **Brand New Suit** last month. It should have been a bright Erin-green.

**I'd Like to Take Orders from You and Listen to Your Eyes (Columbia)**. Good tunes from *Shipmates Forever* ably done by Jacques Renard and his Orchestra. Smith Ballew and Chick Bullock sing the vocals and very nicely, too.

—D. T.

## "GO" PLACES

**Barney Gallant's**, 161 E. 54. Your old friend Barney in an attractive new location. Excellent liquor and food. Just the place for a bit of dancing, a snack, and a

drop of stimulant at supper-time. In the same category: John Perona's **El Morocco**, 154 E. 54. A great favorite with Manhattan socialites. Another: Sherman Billingsley's **Stork Club**, at 3 E. 53rd, where Marjory Logan sings and Nat Brandwynne's Orchestra plays for dancing.

**Baroque Room** in the Madison, Madison at 58th. Innovations here include the printing of late news flashes on the luncheon menu, and Ramona, independent of both White-man and microphone, singing after the theatre. Better dress.

**Dimitri's Club Gaucho**, 245 Sullivan St. Here an authentic Latin-American atmosphere and entertainers recently imported from Mexico and South America are bound to bring out the *cucaracha* in you, if you have a *cucaracha* in you.

**French Casino**, 7th Ave. at 50th. Tops in the Big B'way Cabaret field, thanks to a spectacular floor show, which includes the customary collection of comely cuties and two orchestras, one of which is ace-trombonist Tommy Dorsey's.

**Hickory House**, 144 W. 52. Before 11 p. m. this is the home of juicy steaks and chops; after 11 p. m. it becomes a hot music temple with Wingy Manonne's Jam Band playing inside the huge oval bar. Other swing music spots: **Adrian's Tap Room**, 234 W. 48th, where a jam session is usually going on; **The Famous Door**, 35 W. 52nd, where you'll find Red Norvo's Swing Septet; **The Onyx**, 72 W. 52, which features the Eddy-Reilly Dixieland Band.

**King Cole Room**. A superb cocktail, dinner, and supper-room in the St. Regis Hotel, 5th Ave. at 55th. Emil Coleman's suave music to dance to. Another striking place is the Savoy-Plaza's **Savoy Room**, 5th Ave. at 58th. Here you have Dick Gasparre's Orchestra for dancing; Dwight Fiske for laughing. You must dress at both of these.

**Longchamps**, Madison at 59th. Newest, smartest, smoothest of the chain. World's biggest oval bar and the best modern decoration job of the year. Food and drinks.

**Madhattan Room**, Hotel Pennsylvania, 7th Ave. at 33rd. Going strong with popular Hal Kemp and his fine music. Other well-known maestros here and there: Ozzie Nelson at the **Silver Grill**, Hotel Lexington, Lexington at 48th; Isham Jones in the **Blue Room**, Hotel Lincoln, 8th Ave. at 44th; Little Jack Little in the **Continental Grill**, Hotel St. Moritz, 50 Central Park South. Advisable to dress at all of these.

**Mon Paris**, 142 E. 53, and **Le Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56th, offer food, drink, and entertainment in a Parisian atmosphere.

**Rainbow Room**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Lofty, lovely and most impressive. Ray Noble's Orchestra is, in the opinion of this dep't, the best in New York. You must dress. However, the **Rainbow Grill**, at the same address and height, is informal.

**Sert Room** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49th. Named for the artist whose murals decorate the room, this is one of Manhattan's smartest places-to-go. Capable young Al Donahue leads the orchestra. Another smart spot: **The Persian Room** in the Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. at 59th, where your girl will practically swoon at the pianotheratrics of personable Eddy Duchin. You must dress at these two.

**Versailles**, 151 E. 50th. Charming *chantuse* Lucienne Boyer sings in her altogether captivating fashion. She also pegs roses around, southpaw. At **Le Mirage**, 125 E. 54th, another popular and lovely singer, Eve Symington, tosses *double entendre* around, underhand. Better dress. —D. T.



*these nervous days...especially*

It is a scientific fact that high pressure mental activity causes excessive perspiration, regardless of the temperature.

It is further true that this "nervous perspiration," causing body odor, is particularly offensive to others.

These are nervous days, for every man. Play safe, by making TOP-FLITE DEODORANT a definite part of your daily Code of Correct Grooming.

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Bats four hundred and leads the league.  
Yet Ex-Lax only costs a dime  
And bats a thousand every time.

When Nature forgets — remember Ex-Lax,  
The Original Chocolate Laxative

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.



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from Old Virginia

### BROMM'S Old Virginia FRUIT CAKE

UNIVERSALLY praised for treasured recipe, highest quality, inimitable flavor. Made of choicest imported fruits, nuts, spices; fine old brandy. Delivery guaranteed, prepaid, in attractively decorated metal containers. Despite increased costs of ingredients, no advance in prices. 1-lb., \$1; 2-lb., \$1.95; 4-lb., \$3.90; 6-lb., \$5.75. Just send your list; we'll do the rest.

**L. BROMM BAKING  
COMPANY, INC.**

Dept. 4

Richmond, Virginia Established 1866

## QUEERESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 40)

haywire. The time was last month; the player involved was Fullback Paul Showers of Charlot College. (It was Charlot College, by the way, which invented this old ruse, sometimes called the Charlot ruse.) On the morning following the Charlot College—Si U. game of last October 19, the newspapers reported that Fullback Showers had sustained a broken leg the day before and would be out of play for the rest of the season.

"That report," said the Charlot student body, "is just to make the State boys think their game with us next Saturday will be a pushover. Humph! [Or however you spell it.] There's nothing the matter with Showers." This time, though, the weissenheimers were wrong. By Tuesday it developed that Showers really had a broken leg, and Saturday found the disorganized Charlot squad making futile passes in the stadium while Showers, helpless in the college infirmary, was making futile passes at his nurse.

The State team made seventeen touchdowns in the first half of that memorable game, but the Charlot coach gave his squad a good talking to between halves, with the result that the Charlot boys allowed State only eleven touchdowns and a field goal during the last two periods.

**O**DD and End: Miss Ruth Conant Green of Louisville, Ky., writes: "I have been delegated by the family to inform your department that after reading your November query about top layers of candy boxes, we were inspired to eat the entire top layer of a box we happened to have that day without touching the bottom layer.

It took a lot of will-power and we had to eat more candy than we wanted but we cleaned up the top layer before poking around beneath. Of course, we performed this colossal feat intentionally, so you probably can't count it, but we thought your Archive Director ought to know." . . . Thank you, Miss Green. The Archive Director will certainly hear about this as soon as he comes back. He's down in the barber shop now getting hair conditioned.

+

Readers are invited to submit questions to this department. Five dollars will be paid for those accepted for answer.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

+

## LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

Previously acknowledged.....	\$29,122.13
A. & C. T.....	15.00
Bedford, W. T., Lasalle, Ill.....	1.00
Branchville Fresh Air Assn. (Established by the late Edwin Gilbert).....	1,500.00
Campbell, Mrs. Harry E., Madison, Wis.....	15.00
Emerson, Mrs. Margaret, New York, N. Y.....	25.00
Estate of H. M. Bradley, Derby, Conn. ....	2.50
Friend, Washington, D. C.....	10.00
Helfrich, Elsa F., Weaton, Ill.....	10.00
Hodge Insurance Agency, Inc., Danbury, Conn.....	15.00
Jebb, Mrs. Wm. T., Jr., Buffalo, N. Y. ....	25.00
Ledoux, Louis Pierre, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.....	10.00
Lilly, Mrs. George, Madison, Wis.....	15.00
Long, Carolyn & Nancy, St. Louis, Mo.....	1.00
Nozaki, T., New York, N. Y.....	5.00
"Three little girls" from Federation Settlement, New York, N. Y.....	5.00
Total .....	\$30,776.63

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund also acknowledges with thanks receipt of dramatic costumes, clothing, toys and house furnishings from Nita Sheffield, of New York City.



"John has saved them every year since our first Christmas."



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Any article  
in 14 Kt. Green or  
Yellow Gold—\$15.00—  
except belt buckle—\$30.00

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Smart, distinctive monogrammed accessories—designed with the charm of correct jewelry—make unusual and practical masculine gifts. Companion pieces or completely matched sets may be secured. Your choice of any gift on this page, \$5.00 postpaid.

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Choice  
OF ANY ARTICLE SHOWN  
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INTERESTING MANNER

*is enjoyed*

at the  
**HOTEL ROOSEVELT**  
in New York

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Daily rates from \$4



*The*  
**ROOSEVELT**

MADISON AVE. at 45th ST.  
NEW YORK

BERNAM G. HINES, Managing Director

## THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 21)

The recitative passages are completely nude and interruptive of the exhibit's flow. Certain numbers, for example, *I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'*, *Summer Time*, and most certainly the clogging Mr. Bubbles' (of the Buck and Bubbles vaudeville hoofing team) *There's a Boat That's Leavin' Soon for New York*, seem much more in key with something like *Show Boat* than with something that purposes being a real folk opera. There are, it must be emphasized, passages in the score that flutter toward musical dignity and even some mild musical standing, but in the aggregate the enterprise is without the coherence, the compositional drive, the orchestral background and, above all, the exaltation that are the prerequisites of any kind of opera, folk or otherwise.

The stage direction of Rouben Mamoulian, the settings of Sergei Soudeikine and the singing troupe headed by Todd Duncan and Anne Brown get the tributes of this critical department, which also applauds the Theatre Guild's generosity in producing a valuable, if not successful, experiment.

COLE PORTER, the lyricist of the boulevards, has worked himself up into the unhappy position where, unless every song he now writes is Gilbert and Sullivan plus, his customers begin to shake their heads and allow that he is slipping. That his light songs are generally as good as anyone has a right to expect of him doesn't seem to count. They apparently should be even better than anyone has a right to expect of him. Thus, there has been some growling over his score for *Jubilee* simply because it doesn't make his score for

*Anything Goes!* look third-rate. Such is the attitude of Broadway.

This Dr. Porter is an exceptionally literate and clever tune-and-word-smith whose style has influenced the so-called smart sophisticated music-show stage (as well as the musical movies) not only in this country but also in England. The only criticizable thing about him is that his smartly sophisticated lyrics begin too often to hit the same note. Surely by this time other items in fashionable sophistication besides Elsa Maxwell, Noël Coward, William Rhineland Stewart and Elsie De Wolfe should occur to him.

*Jubilee* is pictorially the most satisfactory show seen in New York in years. Mielziner's sets have a very real beauty; the persons in charge of the costuming have done themselves proud; and Hassard Short's lighting and staging are admirably handled. Moss Hart's book, lampooning royalty on an imaginary holiday from its throne job, while a bit repetitious, has a lot of merry material in it; the presenting company, from the comical Mary Boland to the decorative June Knight and with Melville Cooper again proving himself a first-rate comedian in the rôle of the king whose ambition in life is to perfect a parlor string-trick, could hardly be bettered; and the show as a whole, despite the grouse, is herewith respectfully brought to your pocketbook's attention.

*Sweet Mystery of Life*, by MM. Maibaum, Wallach and Haight, was obvious Hollywood fodder. Why the intelligent Herman Shumlin wasted his honorable time on it only the less intelligent Herman Shumlin could tell us.

*Bright Star*, by Philip Barry, dealt



with an egotist who is incapable of loving anyone but himself and as an attempt to explore the metaphysics of amour was freshman Rutgers Strindberg.

*Triumph*, by Elizabeth Micle, was rank rubbish about a couple of female lawyers.

*Eden End*, by J. B. Priestley, was that talented novelist's poorest effort in the department of playwriting.

(Other comments on page 2)

## CONTENTS NOTED

(Continued from page 39)

and pulpit and aimed at destroying any liberal doctrine which seeks to limit the freedom of big business. We have had the Klan and still have our lynchings. We have large sections where the gun still speaks louder than the pen. Any big strike we have invariably ends in machine guns, gas bombs and blood. Mr. Lewis thinks, and I agree with him, that fascism is not only possible in America but will come unless we fight it tooth and nail. The writing is in the best Lewis tradition, lusty, satirical and, thank heaven, more bitter than usual.

When you think of fascism, you think of a fake, asinine creature like the late Frank Munsey, who stood for everything dumb and mean in public life, treated his employees like peons, had the brain of an ape and the imagination of a gorilla and amassed a fortune of \$40,000,000, which he passed on to the Metropolitan Museum after keeping the salaries of his executives low with muted promises of being included in his will. Quite contrary to Doremus Jessup, the brave editor in *It Can't Happen Here*, Munsey would have been the staunchest supporter of an American Hitler, as he was of every reactionary idea all his life. The book is an accurate picture of a louse.

George Seldes in *Sawdust Caesar* has written the timeliest and perhaps the most important book of the year. What he tells of Mussolini is carefully documented and dispassionate and terrifically damaging. We've all forgotten the early Mussolini, even the Mussolini of the March on Rome (made in a sleeping car by Il Duce). Because Seldes had the foresight to seek out and keep documents of the early Mussolini years, he has a history of the man which cannot be duplicated for the simple reason that all damaging papers have long since been destroyed by command of the great man.

(Other comments on page 42)

# MORONS and INTELLECTS!

## • MORONS

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Drink pure, well-blended, matured liquors

Protect today your health of tomorrow!

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When a cough drives you mad, Smith Brothers Cough Drops give quick, soothing and pleasant relief. Black or Menthol—5¢.

**Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A**

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



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ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.  
THE PRE-EMINENT HOTEL ACHIEVEMENT

TAKES "B.O." OUT OF YOUR PIPE



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Drinkless  
**KAYWOODIE**

PROVED THE BEST SMOKING PIPE IN THE WORLD  
KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.





Mary, Mary, once contrary,  
Is now as mild as May;  
Her mother smiled at the naughty child,  
And tried the Ex-Lax way.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax,  
The Original Chocolate Laxative

True to an "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

## + SUCH IS LIFE +

JOHN SLOAN'S

"Grotesques At Santo Domingo"

(p. 6) obviously

seems to refer

to the fox-tailed,

white-clayed,

corn-husked, turtle-shelled Indians

dancing in front of the kiva, but the artist was

actually thinking of the tourist spectators

in the foreground when he painted it. Most of these spectators are Texans,

and a Texan to John Sloan is "a germ

spread largely by automobiles." The scene represents the Corn Dance

ceremonial at the pueblo of Santo Domingo in New Mexico, held August 4th each

year. There were six automobiles there when Sloan first saw the dance in 1919;

now the parked cars of tourists occupy an area larger than the town. The dance

starts at noon with, paradoxically enough, services in the Catholic chapel,

moving from there to the outdoors, where it continues until dusk.

Biographically speaking: Born in Lock Haven, Pa., 1871; moved to Philadelphia when five years old; left high school to work in a book store, studying art in the evenings; was employed for some time in a fancy goods business

designing and making back-scratchers,



John Sloan

satin candy boxes, calendars, writing doggerel verse; worked for 10 years as a Sunday Supp. illustrator on Philadelphia papers; came to New York in 1904 and free-lanced as an illustrator for *Century*, *McClure's*, *Scribner's*, *Everybody's*, *Collier's*, *Harper's Weekly*; has been painting and teaching ever since.

The two things one associates with John Sloan are honesty and a pipe. For twenty-five years he painted the American Scene and was more or less belittled. When it came into vogue he lost interest. Today he is regarded as one of the finest teachers in the U. S. He is full of pungent comments: "No artist has any business expecting to earn a living by painting—the only real success is success after death;" "The artist is the only person today who can be independent without hurting others;" "The easiest way to steer me off a painting is to tell me it's saleable."

Last summer was his 17th in New Mexico; this fall he moved for the third time in 28 years; downhearted over losing the same phone number he has had for 21 years, he is reconciled partially because the new one is full of nines (Watkins 9-5499); someone once said of him: "He has a weak will, but a very strong won't."

John Sloan thinks that his old friend William Glackens (*LIFE*, November) was born with more native ability than any artist he has ever known.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of March 3, 1933, of *LIFE*, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1935, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry A. Richter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *LIFE*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are Publisher, Life Magazine, Inc.; Editor, George T. Eggleston; Managing Editor, Gurney Williams; Business Manager, Henry A. Richter, all of 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. (2) That the owner is: Life Magazine, Inc., 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Fred. G. Francis, Clair Maxwell, Henry A. Richter, George T. Eggleston, Edward T. Haas, Joseph A. McDonough, William M. Bristol, Henry P. Bristol, Mary L. Bristol, Lee H. Bristol and William M. Bristol, Jr., all of 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Henry A. Richter, (Signature of Business Manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1935. (Seal) Vincent O'Grady, Notary Public, New York County No. 100; New York Register No. 6-0-55. My commission expires March 30, 1936.

## + CHAMBER OF AMERICAN HORRORS—NO.2

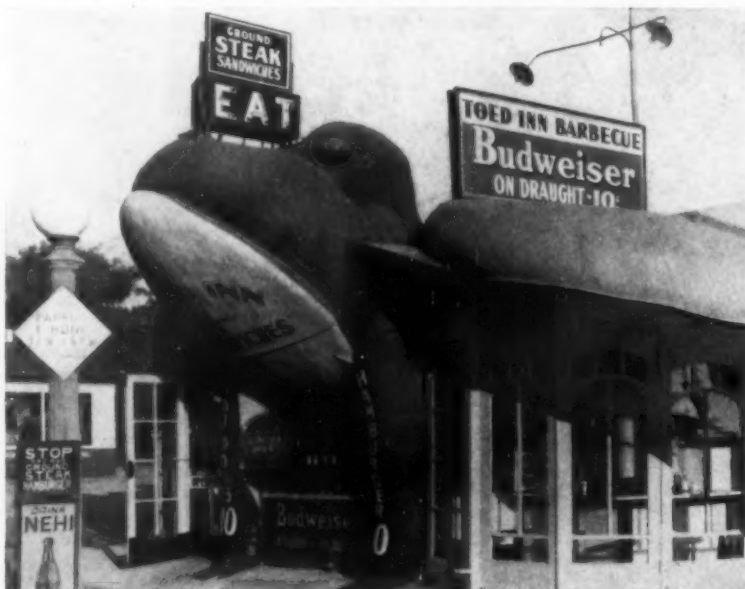


Photo by Peter Hancock

Caption by S. J. Perelman

Gourmets the world over place the Toed Inn Barbecue on Pico Boulevard in Los Angeles second only to Foyot's in Paris, and you know gourmets. Crouching beneath this scaly fellow's belly sandwich-lovers from every corner of the known globe stuff themselves with tasty combinations of avocado and bacon, pimento and peanut butter. That hollow noise you hear is Brillat-Savarin revolving in his grave.

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